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Saturday Review

August 16, 1969 50¢

Medical Students HEALERS BECOME ACTIVISTS

by Michael G. Michaelson

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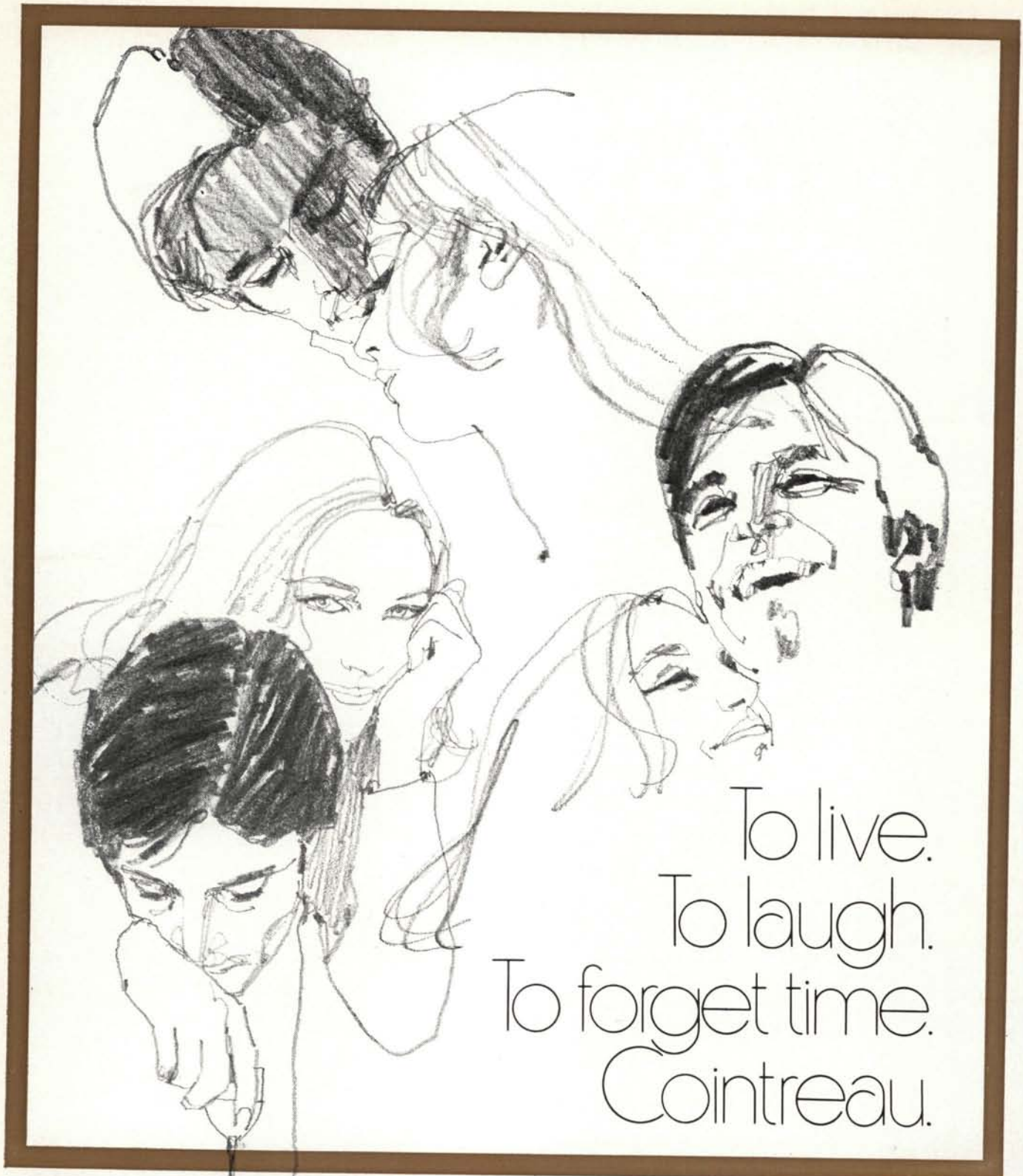

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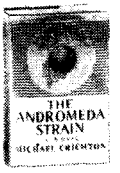

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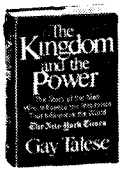

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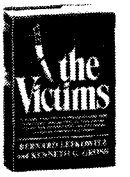

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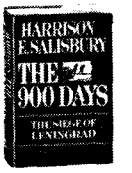

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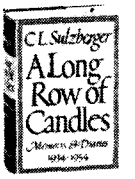

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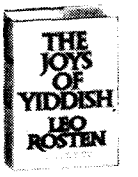

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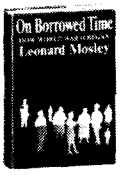

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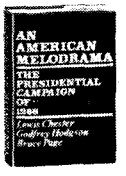

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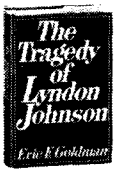

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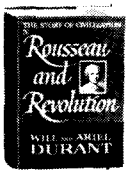

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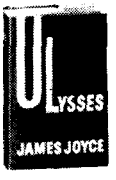

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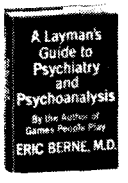

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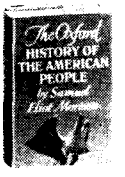

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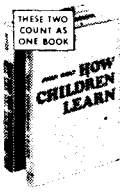

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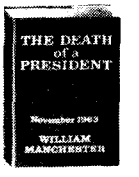

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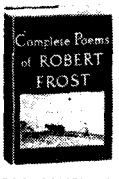

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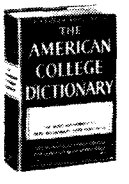

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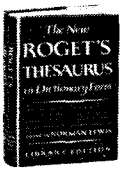

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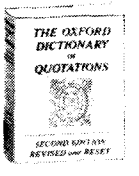

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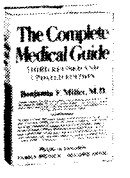

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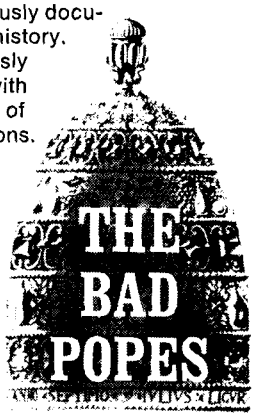

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August 16, 1969

Saturday Review

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

A Modern Bible Story

AND IT CAME to pass in the year 1969, a bad time in which the winter of sour discontent stretched for four seasons, that there emerged in America a certain angry black man named James. James had a new program, short and sweet: He demanded a half-billion bucks in reparations from the racist churches and synagogues of America to pay off their historic debts to the black men.

Mysterious are the ways of the Lord, for James's confrontation with the churches didn't do him much good. He finally expired from ennui after serving on the "liaison committee" of thirty-nine denominational bodies, a soggy-tunafish treatment which his lawyer later charged was an unconstitutionally "cruel and unusual punishment." But his campaign saved religion at the very moment it had been fading into moribund irrelevancy in American life.

How did it happen? The answer must give one to think.

James quickly realized that the Protestant churches were the soft underbelly of America's religious life. One by one, he disrupted the big ecclesiastical conventions, invaded the cathedral churches, sat in at denominational headquarters. James knew they wouldn't call the cops. Instead, they called him a prophet, hewn from the rock of Amos and Isaiah. White churchmen tore their garments, and dumped ashes and sackcloth on their heads. They recited their sins of omission and commission. They spat upon their investment portfolios and their endowment funds. At the climax of the service, the congregation rose and sang the new hymn of atonement: "Down With Us!"

All this resulted in a new burst of ecumenical renewal. Every Sunday morning the Protestant churches had an aspect of Yom Kippur. The Catholic confessional was instituted by Protestants as a kind of floating ark, in which a congregant could repent while wallowing in Christian guilt. For those whose guilt the confession did not expiate, special wooden crosses were built in every church so that the person could strap himself in and be given twenty or thirty lashes, depending on his need. This new ritual of redemption made the church, in the language of the day, relevant. Not much hard cash came to James as the demands were forever being processed in the murky labyrinth of the church's bureaucracy. But the new ritual and liturgy were blessed by Harvey Cox, the church was filled every Sunday with invaders, voyeurs, and plainclothesmen, and Christianity was saved.

But that wasn't all.

The Jews, sensitive to social change, grasped the technique of confrontation. A bearded Hasidic rabbi announced that Jews were demanding $5-billion in reparations from the Christian churches. "We have died at your hands since the days of Jesus. We have been burned at the stake, gassed in the ovens, tortured on your racks. We have been humiliated by the anti-Semitism of your Gospels, and we have seen every culture—including American—poisoned by your anti-Jewish teachings. We have begged you to change; we have lobbied in Rome; we have cajoled. But this is a day of Jewish Power. We now *demand*! Beginning this Sunday we will disrupt your services, interrupt readings from the New Testament, confront your conscience, demanding reparations for centuries of ill treatment at your so-called Christian hands."

And, of course, it worked. Christians began scheduling double services every Sunday—one for black guilt, one for Jewish, separate and equal. Roy Wilkins tried to get the blacks and Jews to work together, but the Jewish Defense League and the Black Panthers threatened to burn down any church that tried to integrate its guilt. Attendance at all houses of God swelled.

For the first time, the churches became the arena of action. The universities were forgotten, and SDS types began to quit college to join the churches. Some entered the seminaries. "Christ, man," they explained to *The New York Times*, "this is where it's at. At Columbia we only had four years to pull off the revolution. In the church we've got eternity!"

Soon the Indians got into the act. They made a survey and found out that Manhattan was now worth $175-billion. In fairness, they deducted $23, and presented the bill to the churches and synagogues. Sensing that all the money would soon be in black hands, they hit the black churches first. "We Indians suffered genocide, pillage, burning, and burning humiliation. This island belonged to the red man. It was stolen by the white and black. Either give it back or give us reparations. Otherwise, we will seize every church and synagogue and convert them into tepees. We Indians have no reservations about these demands."

Indians, with their faces and bodies painted, carrying tomahawks and red manifestoes, disrupted services and war-danced down the aisles. Once in a while, the church had black, Jewish, and red disruptions going on at the same time. The church was alive—a combination of Custer's last stand, a Columbia bust, and a pogrom.

After a few months, James dropped out in disgust. "See?" he lamented. "This goddamn white racist society won't even let us have our own hustle. Right away, they pre-empt our hustle and build it into their structure. I can't even go to my local church for a little quiet and prayer. The place is jumping with Indians, Jews, Puerto Ricans, all making non-negotiable demands. Why doesn't the church stick to religion?"

And so, in 1969, James lost his fight, but saved religion. The churches and synagogues of America emerged as throbbing forces of social ferment. New rituals, theologies, and liturgies were born in the womb of chaos and revolution. And thus it came to pass that, in 1969, when the Catholic church dumped St. Christopher and St. Nicholas, it created a new St. James, the first ecumenical, black messiah in human history. —ALBERT VORSPAN.

(Published simultaneously in *The Christian Century*.)

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1358

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1358 will be found in the next issue.

. . . OLY UNAO FNUCF OLCBXA

NK GHH GSY . . . UNAO ENSOL

MNCBX — ARFL GA UGVCBX

HNQY.

—X. V. FLYAOYSONB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1357

Never do a thing you find difficult, because another person who finds it easy will beat you at the game.

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

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Top of My Head

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Walking All Over God's Heaven

HISTORY WILL RECORD that on the morning of July 16 in the year 1969, America had struck a new and inconceivable milestone. Three men had gone to an airport for a business trip and made history by not leaving three wistful wives standing around Cape Kennedy dolefully singing "Take Me Along."

Further let it be inscribed on the scrolls of time that four days later, when the population of the moon had been increased to two, there were hundreds of Americans, always on the lookout for new vacation spots to litter, who had written the commercial airlines for reservations on future lunar flights.

When they were told that the fare for such a trip would be about $15,000, they laughingly held up their Master Charge cards and shouted, "Put me down." Having read that the population of the earth in the next decade or two will double to seven billion, I say, "Put 'em all down."

And while we're at it, let's have one-way excursion fares for a lot of others. Especially the guy who phoned the night of the touchdown on the moon, and bitterly complained that TV had pre-empted a summer rerun of his favorite program which he had missed during the regular season. The program was *Mission: Impossible.*

And make a second-class reservation, without steak, for the Russian scientist who decided to send up *Luna 15* when he knew *Apollo 11* would be there. With only two people on it, the moon was already having its first traffic jam.

And hold space for the editors of *Pravda*, who informed Russian readers about this heaven-shaking flight by inserting a brief filler paragraph announcing the moon shot. Which is in keeping with their editorial slogan: "All the news that gives you a fit."

And let's have plane loads of reservations for all the teen-agers who don't talk to anyone over thirty. Especially the kid whose opinion of the moon flight I asked—which was made by three over-thirties. I thought that would give him pause. "Man," he said without pause, "if you dig that trip, you should have been on the trip I took last night." A seat for him where he can see the door marked MEN, and keep the OCCUPIED sign on.

On the other hand, the fourteen-year-old boy, clean scrubbed, hair neatly parted, who, on being asked his reaction, replied: "Of course, you know that Galileo Galilei first telescoped the moon in 1610, and discovered the broad plains and the high mountains and the deep craters on the lunar surface. Of course, you know he thought the plains were seas. That's why he called them all *maria*, and, of course, you know he thought the mountains were land. The Latin for land, you know of course, is *terrae*. He was the one who gave the names to the different discoveries, as, for instance, Mare Tranquillitatis. Which, of course, you know we now call the Sea of Tranquillity. Actually, there are thirty-two moons, you know. Mars, Jupiter, Neptune, all have moons. And, of course, you know that Mars and Neptune have two moons each, while Uranus has five. Earth, of course, you know has one, and it is fifth in order of size among the planets, and, of course, you know. . ."

Of course, I know only one thing: you don't have to make a reservation for that kid. From the patronizing, rarefied heights he talked down to me, he's probably up there saying, "You know, of course," to anybody floating by.

And while we're being really testy, let's send up some people without whom this earth might be more habitable. For instance, the couple we went out to dinner with last night, and she said, "Let's eat Chinese tonight." And he said, "No matter how much you eat, in a half hour you're hungry again."

Also reserve seats for all who say: "You want to have a laugh? Listen to what happened to me today when I was shopping. It's a true story. You got a minute?" You can make a daily double bet: One, you can bet you won't have a laugh; two, it'll take much more than a minute.

The people who abhor and shudder at the hot sex films now being shown at neighborhood movie theaters, who say: "If you think *I Am Curious (Yellow)* was dirty, you should see the one I saw last night, *Putney Swope*, the most depraved picture I ever saw, and which nobody should be subjected to, and I hear that's all kindergarten stuff compared to the one I'm going to see tonight."

And a must—all the friends who always say, "I read your column in *SR* last week." Period.

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—John F. Kennedy

Throughout the history of this nation, men devoted to liberty have built and maintained a wall of separation between church and state, knowing well that — in the eyes of the people — the collaboration of religion and government ultimately diminishes both. Efforts to move the two more closely together continue today, however, and the religious liberty of every citizen hangs in the balance. Americans United for Separation of Church and State — a non-profit, non-partisan, non-denominational organization — is dedicated solely to the continuing struggle to keep church and state apart. You can stay informed on this vital issue by reading *Church & State*, a comprehensive monthly review of church-state news and opinion.

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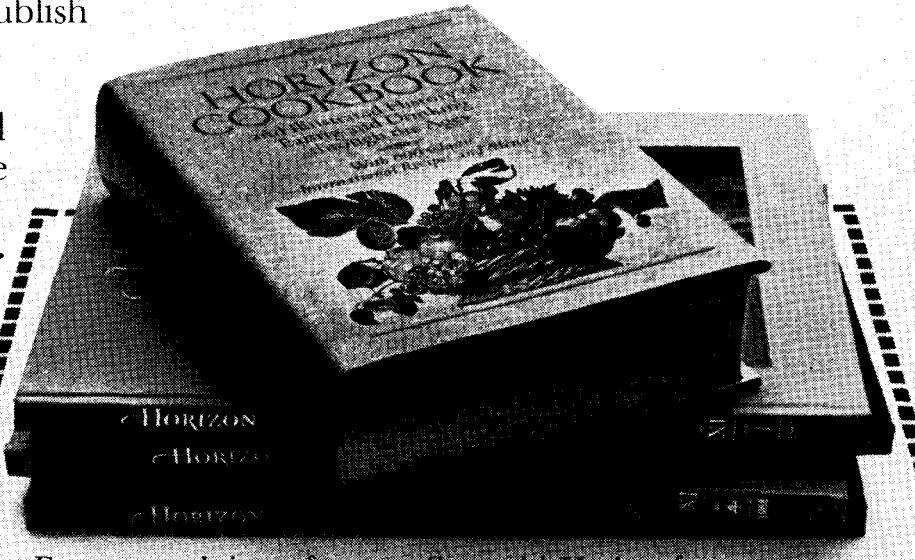

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

An ambitious young man worked in a bakery, and was paid by the loaf to slice bread. He had a regular knife, and was slicing one loaf at a time. Then one day he had an inspiration. What if he bought a longer knife and sliced two loaves at a time? He went to the cutlery shop, purchased a longer blade, and began to earn twice as much. Content for a while, the slicer then began to dream of doing three at a time. The cutlery shop, alas, was unable to supply a longer knife. But the guy spotted an antique shop with a sword capable of the three-loaf task. Soon he was earning three times as much money as before.

Nothing could stop him now, and he was determined to increase his output even more. The cutlery and antique shops were unable to help; he kept searching all over town without success. He was about to give up, when one day he passed a butcher shop and saw a huge cleaver in the window. The fellow went in, saw that it could cut four loaves of bread, and bought it. Walking down the street, with the cleaver under his arm in a package, he was smiling. A friend intercepted him and asked, "What are you so happy about?"

"This is my lucky day," the slicer replied. "I found a four-loaf cleaver."

I wrote recently that in Brazil cowboys poked the eyes out of cattle so they wouldn't wander away overnight. Two ladies from different parts of the country responded that they didn't want to be reminded of such atrocities and thought it was unfair of me to sneak such an item into this column where it was least expected. I warn them, then, to stay away from a thick paperback, *The History of Violence in America*, which Bantam has just published (as has the Government Printing Office). As I delved into this book, I had the same thought, whether it is fair to gather together for the first time the story of our nation in such terms. It is so shocking that it must be read in short takes, and one short take is enough to last for a long time.

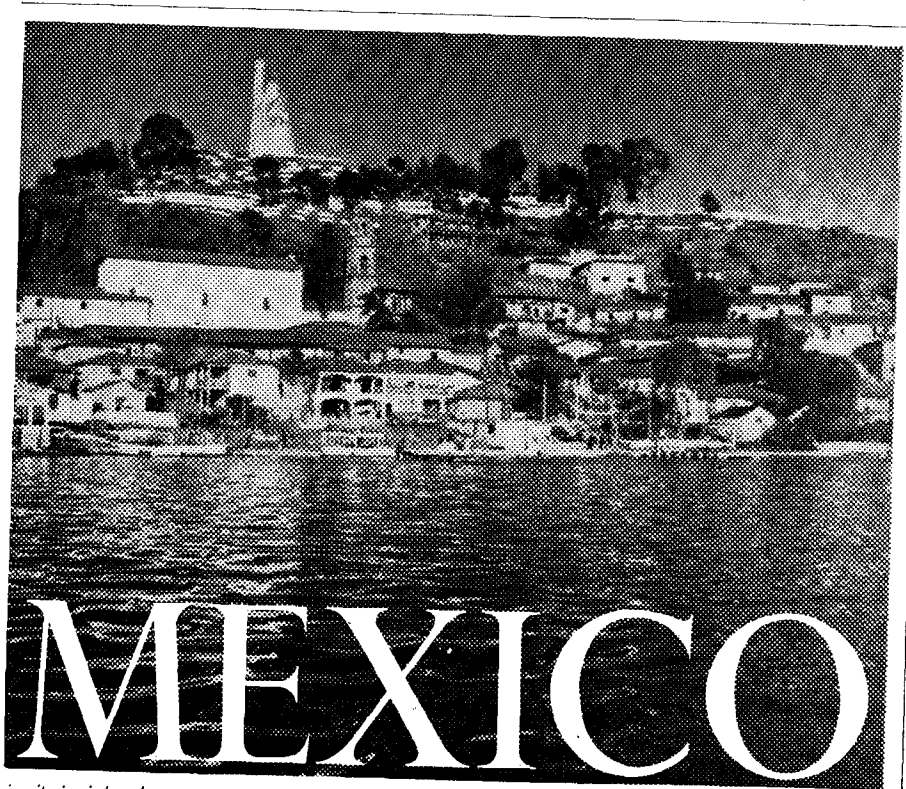
What's your interest? Black violence in the twentieth century? Labor violence? America's wars? The vigilantes? Political assassination? The Revolutionary War? It's all here. I picked frontier violence and struggled through the carnage. The hanging of innocent women, especially if they happened to be Mexican. The lynching parties led by respectable citizens. The executions, without trial, of outlaws, of innocent people, of law enforcement officers. "Sentiment by the abiding element began to get so strong that someone had to be hung," was the explanation for the lynching of an innocent stranger in Kansas in 1884. During the Revolution we tortured prisoners, we took scalps, and our guerrillas looted and burned. A mere listing of our battles with the Indians would cover hundreds of pages in 6-point type, and even in the absence of war, it was always OK to shoot an Indian for fun.

How would you like a massacre? In 1864 our troops surrounded the followers of Chief Black Kettle (who raised a white flag and an American flag in surrender) and shot, knifed, scalped, and clubbed 450 men, women, and children. In 1914 we had our own Black Hole in Colorado, when two mothers and eleven children suffocated to death after their tent had been set afire during a miners' strike.

As you may have gathered, it is not possible to read more than a small section of this book at one time. My feeling is that it should have been entitled, "The History of Violence *Is* America."

Our own Zena Sutherland, who edits *SR*'s BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, was in an airport limousine on her way back from the American Library Association convention in Atlantic City. She sat next to a marine, who asked her if she liked Atlantic City. No, she said, too honky-tonk. Naturally, it turned out to be the marine's home town. Zena apologized and tried to make amends by pointing out that she was "old" and liked quiet, while he was young and probably liked lots of life. "You oughta come in the winter," he said. "Boy, is it quiet. It's so dead they roll up the sand with the boardwalk. (Pause.) Aaagh. It's either all one way or all another. There's hardly no mediocrity left no more."

Sharps and Flats: In Leonard Mosley's *On Borrowed Time* there's a story about Birger Dahlerus, the Swedish turncoat, having an interview with Adolf Hitler: "Hitler came closer and closer. Suddenly the Swede felt



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sick. 'Hitler's breath was so foul, wrote Dahlerus later, 'that it was all I could do not to step back.' " *Achtung*, gentlemen! We need a volunteer, to tell Der Führer he's got halitosis.

► I wrote in the June 14 TRADE WINDS about the new realism in children's books and I was taken to task by the Omaha *World-Herald* in an editorial which said, among other things, that it objected to the "ugliness and degredation in adult reading matter." Seems to me Omaha should forget adult reading matter and get back to the spelling books.

► On the Fourth of July the Bloomington (Indiana) *Herald-Telephone* called for citizens to "recall our pledge of allegience to the flog of the United States."

► In Kansas City an ophthalmologist is building a much needed new office. Mary Story says it is a site for sore eyes.

► An associate editor in the textbook division of Harcourt, Brace and World was taking the elevator during his lunch hour. In high spirits, he danced a jig, fell down, and broke his leg. He claimed $912 in workmen's compensation, because he had the accident on company time. When the claim was rejected, he went to court. The New York Court of Appeals determined that the reason for the dancing was that the young man was happy over his job, and awarded him the compensation. The court felt, however, that if he had been dancing just for the hell of it, he could not have collected.

► Rule for meeting girls on the beach in summer: Pick up the pale ones. The tan ones have been there long enough to make friends already, or there is something wrong with them, and furthermore, their vacation is probably almost over and they'll be going home soon.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1844)

(JOHN) HILLABY:
A WALK THROUGH BRITAIN

The impression you get is that these people of west Somerset are Celts. . . . I asked a verger what his church was famous for, expecting to hear something about the bells or the rood screen. "The Vicar's wife," said the man. "She drinks fair turrible."

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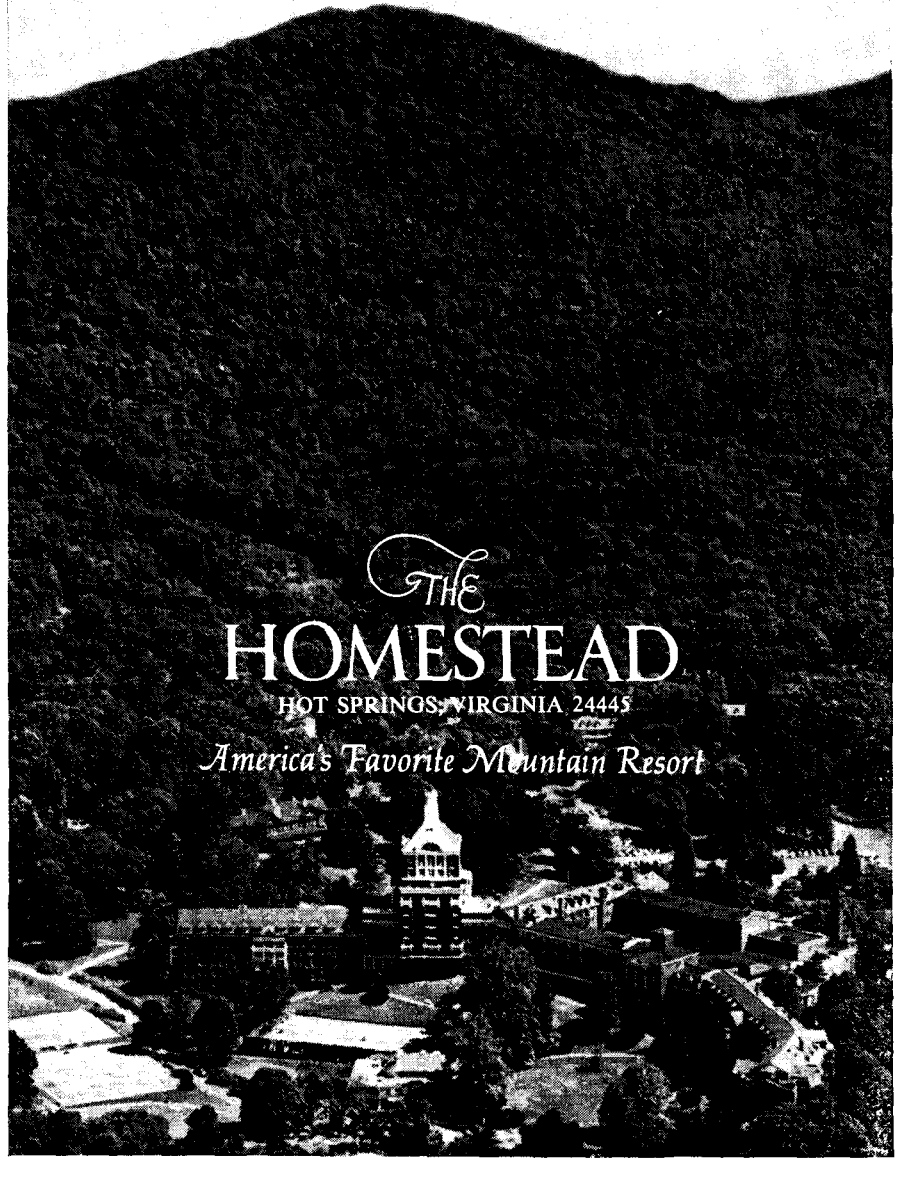

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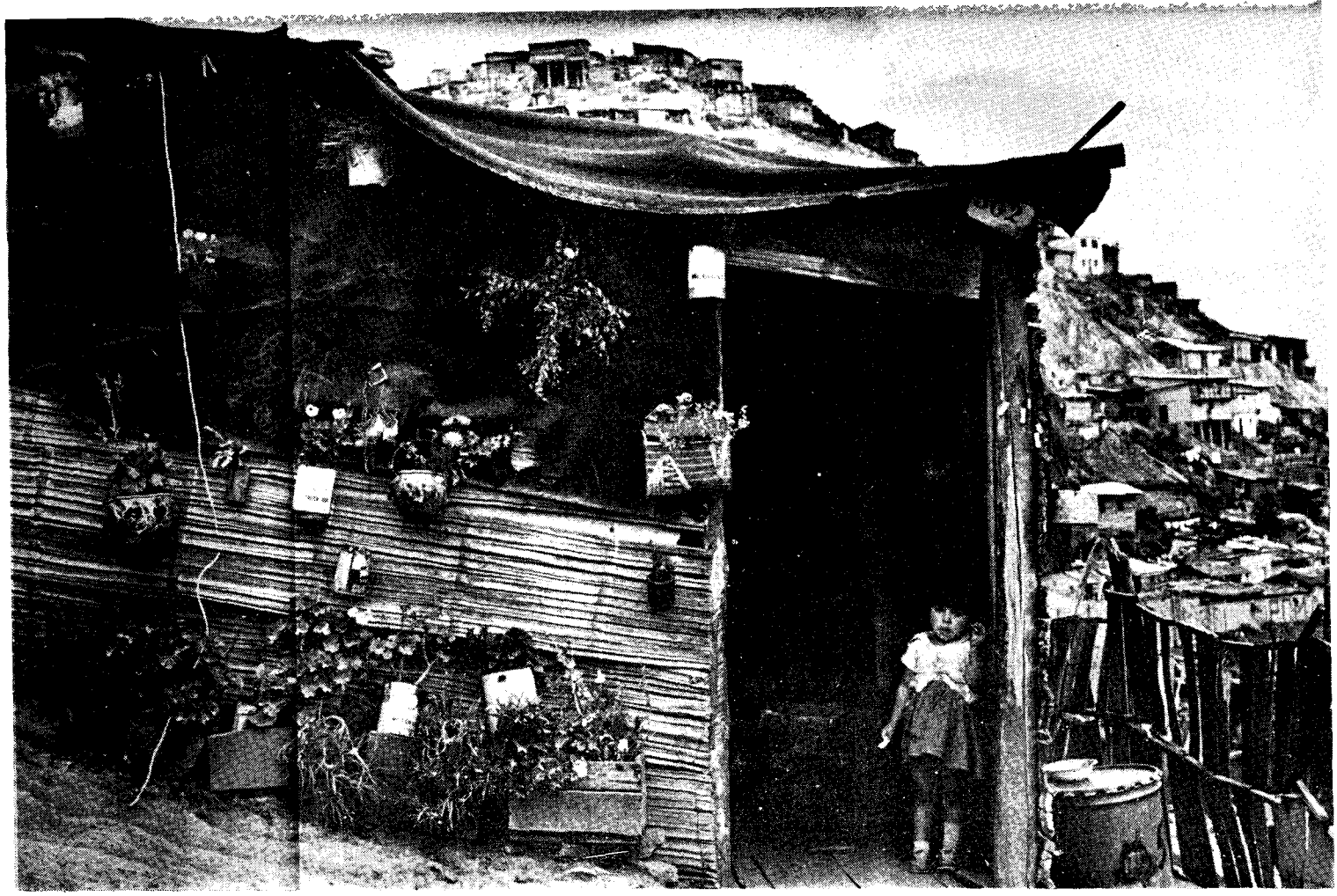

TINDERBOX IN LATIN AMERICA

by SOL M. LINOWITZ

For some time now it has become a tired Washington cliché to issue periodic pronouncements to the effect that United States relations with Latin America are in a state of crisis and we must, finally, do something about it. It would be difficult to find anyone, no matter how sparse his knowledge of the hemisphere, who would argue about the crisis half of the cliché. It is the latter part—"do something about it"—that causes all the trouble.

James Reston once observed that the American people will do anything for Latin America except read about it. The apathy is so widespread and endemic, however, that the usually reliable Mr. Reston may have overstated the case with regard to the American people's willingness to do anything for their hemispheric neighbors.

There is a paradox about the situation that contributes to making it one of the most perplexing among the many foreign policy problems that periodically plague Washington administrations, no matter what their political gender. Beginning with Franklin Roosevelt and his Good Neighbor Policy through John Kennedy and the Alliance for Progress, Lyndon Johnson and the summit meeting of American presidents, and now Richard Nixon and the Rockefeller Latin American study mission, no President, Democratic or Republican, in nearly two generations has denied the importance of Latin America, or has claimed it can be neglected or ignored.

Yet despite all the programs and official avowals of concern, who can find any sense of excitement about Latin America among the people of the United States? That does not mean we do not get worked up over a Castro, a Cuban missile crisis, a Dominican Republic crisis, an oil company expropriation, a fishing boat seizure. Or that we are not shocked when the visit of a Governor Rockefeller, who is rightly regarded as a friend of Latin America, touches off nasty demonstrations.

That is the heart of the paradox, for the emotions are genuine and the concern is real. Yet when the crisis of the moment is over, emotion subsides and concern is shrugged off, and once again we turn our attention to another part of the world—until some new Latin explosion, such as the El Salvador-Honduran clash, reluctantly drags it back again to our own hemisphere.

To suggest that this lack of public interest is directly responsible for the state of affairs in Latin America would be less than accurate. Surely it is not responsible for the nagging economic underdevelopment that grips the continent and its 240 million people—240 million who will be 600 million before the century is out, and, if circumstances continue as they are, many times poorer.

The other side of the coin, however,

Sol M. Linowitz, former United States Ambassador to the Organization of American States, is presently practicing law in New York and Washington, D.C.

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The time has long since passed when we can afford to shrug off our neighbors to the south with empty rhetoric, halfhearted concern, and bargain-basement programs.

is that our public disinterest sharply points up the inescapable fact that there is no real Latin American constituency in the United States—a political nuance that the Congress has not failed to notice.

Last year, for example, we disappointed the people of Latin America with cuts in our appropriation for the Alliance for Progress—cuts that made it the lowest since that vital program was launched in 1961: $336-million against some $500-million in 1966 and $460-million the following year. This year President Nixon has proposed an appropriation of $603-million, and already we are beginning to hear the sound of chopping on Capitol Hill.

Obviously, it is far from the intent of Congress to do anything that would slow the rhythm of development in Latin America, for that could only weaken the constructive forces of peaceful change and give impetus to those who believe in violence as the way to alter the status quo. But cutting our share of the alliance appropriation has this precise effect, whether that is the intent or not, and the United States cannot evade responsibility.

What it all boils down to is that we cannot help Latin America solve its economic problems with bargain-basement tactics. We cannot do it on the cheap. Rhetoric is fine in its place, and the ringing words of our regard for Latin America make for fine speeches. But without the financial commitment to back up the words we are in trouble in this hemisphere, and we had better make no mistake about it.

Too often in our relations with Latin America over the years we in the United States have not done as we said, nor have we always said clearly just what it is we would do. Our promises, moreover, have not always withstood the test of time or pressure. The people of Latin America have good reason to be confused about how seriously we regard them and their problems and, based on past experience, even better reason to have skepticism with regard to the credibility and continuity of the commitments we make to them.

There should be no doubt that this uncertainty in Latin America is a contributory factor in the repeated demonstrations of anti-U.S. sentiments that crop up with disturbing frequency, or that it is a potent weapon in the hands of those who relish the notion of a fragmented Western Hemisphere, with the South being played off against the North. Nor can there be any question that the time is long past for Washington to undertake a credible commitment to the republics of Latin America that will resolve the doubts that now give rise to such uncertainty and even to fear.

President Johnson, following the summit meeting of American presidents at Punta del Este in 1967, went a long way toward extending such a commitment when he said, "We will persevere. There is no time limit on our commitment." But realistically speaking, the words he spoke did not have the force of law or of a treaty—a fact Congress made all the more evident when it cut the alliance funds last year. And with a change of Administration, accompanied by all the uncertainty that such a change brings with it, the Latins are still wondering how far we will go, and to what extent we will persevere.

It was not, I am sure, President Nixon's intent to add to this uncertainty when, a few months after taking office, he addressed the Organization of American States and strongly criticized the alliance for all that it had left undone. Even the dispatch of Governor Rockefeller on his fact-finding mission, rather than help assuage fears that Washington was contemplating a major change in its Latin American policy, only intensified the uncomfortable feeling that, once again, things were up in the air.

Inevitably, there will be much of value in what Governor Rockefeller will be reporting to the President, but the point cannot be overstressed that we need, above all, patience, perspective, and the determination to see the job through. Latin America should not be an issue for domestic party politics. Quite the contrary, it offers what is perhaps the most inviting area for constructive and imaginative bipartisan foreign policy cooperation.

It is the kind of cooperation that must look beyond the immediate horizon and focus on another far off, one still shrouded in clouds of uncertainty. For no matter what we do, no matter how firm our commitment, no matter what funds we appropriate to help the people of Latin America to build and to develop their continent, no matter what our trade policies, we cannot guarantee the future; we cannot say that if we do this Latin America will be an unwavering ally and firm friend of the United States, that it will offer us a vast commercial market for our goods. No one—politician, economist, or seer—can offer any such guarantee. And even if he could, it would be a poor motivation for the kind of effort that must be undertaken for the remainder of this century.

Latin America is not for sale to the highest bidder, and if we gear our programs with the idea that it is, we are in for a sad awakening—an awakening that, as recent events demonstrate, has already begun. What we must understand is that change in Latin America is inevitable. The only question remaining is whether it is to be a violent change or a relatively peaceful one, and obviously, therefore, our own best interests would dictate that we aid those forces seeking to build and to strengthen economic and political democracy in Latin America.

If they should fail, the change that is bound to follow can only be one of violence. All the explosive ingredients are present. For in Latin America, even as in the United States, we cannot expect people denied hope and dignity to sit patiently while life and the world pass them by.

The point has been made that if Latin American governments do not pass badly needed economic and social reforms they deserve to fall. And it has been argued too that perhaps some violence may be necessary to convince the oligarchies and military governments that desperate conditions beget desperate actions. To some extent it is difficult to answer these arguments. It is all too true that in too many cases

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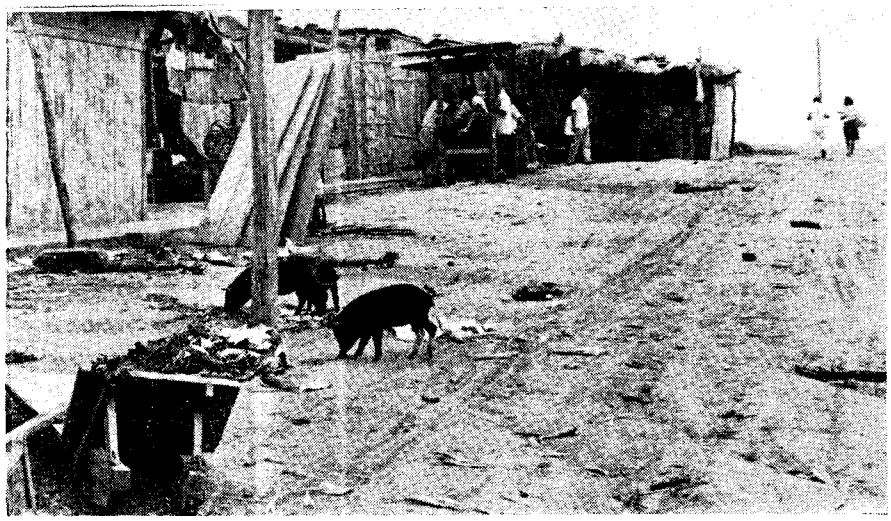

"Time is not on the side of those who would shelter the status quo."

Latin governments are not doing all they should and all they could to cope with the underlying causes of economic and social underdevelopment, nor are they doing enough of what must be done to promote the growth of representative government responsive to the will of the people. These facts are all too glaring to be swept under the rug, and we should recognize them for what they are—part of the reality of Latin America today.

What all this points up is the truism evident wherever people are struggling to be free—economically, socially, and politically: Time is not on the side of those who would shelter the status quo. Those who would see democracy and freedom fulfill their destiny have the responsibility of seeing to it that the vicious circle of poverty, sickness, and illiteracy is broken once and for all. People within its orbit live outside the mainstream of society and really play no part in shaping their nation's policies; because they are not part of the democratic process, they have little stake in it.

Clearly we must do all we can to encourage the growth of orderly, democratic procedures sensitive to the needs of the people they are designed to serve. But we can not and must not elbow our way into another country's system, telling it how it should manage its affairs, as if we had all the answers. We haven't, as the problems before us of putting our own house in order aptly testify.

What we can do, however—and what we have not done with any real consistency—is to make clear our firm commitment to representative government and to the growth of political democracy in this hemisphere. Such a policy will enable us to develop special friendships with Latin America's men of vision, with the men who know that peaceful social progress is endangered by any entrenchment of the privileged few.

Today the despair that exists in much of Latin America provides the climate in which a Batista or a Castro flourishes best, or in which a despotism of the right can provide the foundation for a dictatorship of the left. Or vice versa. It is a situation that only underscores the urgency of continuing the partnership launched eight years ago this month when President Kennedy, following a Latin-inspired initiative known as "Operation Pan-America," pledged the support of the United States to the Alliance for Progress.

The alliance was a magnificent concept, with goals and aspirations to match its grandeur. If it can be faulted in hindsight, it would be for assuming that the job could be done in ten years. That, and setting an annual growth-rate goal without recognizing that the birth rate was shooting up at a pace that far exceeded Latin America's growth-rate capabilities.

But who can argue that any program of the scope and reach of the alliance —a program designed to bring about the upheaval of the Latin American continent and build a healthy, vibrant, economically secure, and politically sound inter-American community— must not set its sights high, and that it must not keep them there? Surely not the people who live without amenities of civilization, or without hope of a better tomorrow. For they can attain that tomorrow only if there is no compromise in the fight to attain the goals the alliance so eloquently set forth— goals for better housing, education, health, tax and land reforms, a revitalized and modernized industry and agriculture, and an integrated continent-wide economy.

Yet the yearly per capita growth rate still is well behind the Punta del Este goal of 2.5 per cent. The birth rate soars. Fifty per cent of the people are illiterate. The cities are clogged with workless *campesinos*. Tight protective tariffs protect inefficient monopolies. Feudalism persists in the countryside, and the people there go hungry or move away.

If it was a mistake then to hope that this could be changed in ten years, it would be catastrophic now to turn our backs on what has been done. True, economic sufficiency remains a distant goal, but for the first time a way has been charted out of the Latin American jungle of underdevelopment.

The statistics add up to an impressive total, particularly in an area of the world that has never experienced such concentrated doses of progress. But no statistic can possibly convey the meaning of a new road that slices through an Amazon jungle and links up a hitherto isolated village with the heartland of its country. Nor can it convey the significance of a new classroom opened for children in the plateaus of the Andes or in the *barrios* of the cities; of a *campesino* who now works his own farm; of water supplies made potable; of infant mortality rates reduced; of a family able to quit the sordid life of the slums for a new start in a new apartment.

And with all the statistics totaled up, it is clear that the alliance has devoted more of its resources to investments in the social areas, particularly education and health services, than in any other sector.

The actual rate of Latin American development, therefore, is higher than the economic growth charts indicate simply because social investment is not reflected in Latin America's gross product. But the direct effort to speed up the processes of education and social welfare is the surest guarantee that an obsolete social order will be peacefully transformed, as in Japan or Britain, rather than explosively altered via the violent, revolutionary routes of eighteenth-century France or twentieth-century Russia.

What must be understood above all about the alliance—and perhaps the most misunderstood feature, even among a number of our own key government officials—is that it is not a bilateral American aid program, but rather a cooperative self-help program, to be carried out primarily by the people of Latin America. The United States is one partner in this program, of which 90 per cent is financed by the countries of Latin America. The alliance is not ours to manipulate, and the amount we appropriate, therefore, is no handout, but a hand of help extended in friendship. Congress must not forget this when considering how much we can afford to appropriate for our share of the effort.

When all is said and done, and with all that remains undone, there is no escape from the conclusion that eight years ago the alliance launched a tru-

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ly creative, regenerative development program. But it was, and is, only the first step in a long journey. In our inter-American relations, we need most of all a sense of propriety, a sense of time, a sense of scale, and a sense of destiny.

As for propriety, Americans may find wry amusement in cartoons that depict the stereotyped Latin American—the sleepy, guitar-playing, sombrero-wearing, not too ambitious but pleasant fellow. But the stereotyped North American—the Yankee with the dollar sign for a heart—is hardly the object for smiles in Latin America. The truth, of course, is that neither stereotype is valid today, if it ever was.

The people of Latin America are a combination of some of the wealthiest cultures our civilization has known. Its young people, with their passion for country and their zeal for the future, are restless and prone to impatience. They are skeptical of our aims and so are more willing to blame us for their problems than to understand the difficulties in solving them. Yet these are the people with the mystique and the vision of grandeur who can spark the enthusiasm and loyalties of their countrymen. These are the people who are so anxiously searching for a revolution of social justice—the very people we must convince that we want to work with them because our continued partnership is essential to the future of freedom. In so doing, anti-Communism as such will not get us very far. It is not a powerful argument for the average citizen who is steeped in a personal struggle to keep his head above water.

A student at the University of Chile once summed it up when he told me: "The United States is constantly talking about the value of political democracy. We agree that it is essential, but we also feel you would accomplish far more if you said less about political democracy and put more of your weight behind the concept of economic democracy."

What he was saying is that city slum dwellers denied hope and illiterate rural Indians denied even a glimpse of the twentieth century neither comprehend the meaning of political democracy nor offer any foundation to sustain or to nurture it. They will either remain mute or give their sullen support to the demagogue or "leader" who elbows his way through the masses offering them protection and food. These are the staple commodities they want and need, and no promise of a better life made possible by democracy can vie with them. As former Senator Paul Douglas once said, "When you offer a starving man a choice between the Four Freedoms and four sandwiches, he always chooses the four sandwiches."

When, however, attention is given to questions of basic order, when roads and streets are made safe, when food, clothing, and shelter are made available, when attention is given to living conditions, when the masses discover they can rear, educate, and marry off their children and leave them an opportunity for a better life, political democracy becomes not only possible, but imperative. For as living standards rise, democracy becomes the only political system through which that better life can be sustained and advanced. And this is to the mutual benefit of all the Americas.

As for time, no nation has fully modernized itself in less than sixty years. The United States took much longer. In eight years Latin America, despite false starts and frustrated hopes, has made more progress than we had any right to expect. Realistically, however, it would be unwise to think in terms of less than thirty years for full-scale modernization of the continent. After eight years the alliance must, therefore, be regarded as in its infancy. Any other view does injustice to Latin America.

And this leads to the need for a sense of scale in our relations with Latin Americans, including a sense of proportion in both the United States and Latin America. We must look at our hemisphere with a new eye of understanding, one that recognizes its importance to the future peace of the world. We cannot take Latin America for granted, believing it will be there when we need it. We need it now no less—and perhaps more—than it needs us, for what happens there in the closing years of this century may well shape the coming years of the next century.

As for Latin Americans, it is time for them to recognize that the United States is not the wielder of the big stick of the 1900s, that we mean what we say about wanting to work with them, that our commitment is to an inter-American community of equal states. In short, they must turn away from memories of the past and turn instead to our mutual hopes for the future.

We talk of destiny, of partnership, of shared hopes and efforts toward hemispheric unity. But what does that destiny look like if our hemisphere ends up half suburb and half slum? Is this the limit we set to the creative, working partnership the American presidents established at Punta del Este to meet the increasing needs of today's "revolution of rising expectations"?

Surely our destiny is more in keeping with the brave new world we have always sought to build. Surely it is more in keeping with our faith that the dream of Simón Bolívar will flourish at last, like the dreams of our own founding fathers—that this hemisphere will grow in prosperity and confidence into a model of how states, with all their diversity of cultures and differences of gifts, can work together to improve and enrich and ennoble their common life.

We shall not do this with cold, lifeless graphs and charts. We shall not do this with Congressional cuts. We shall not do this between today and tomorrow. But with time and with resources, and with the republics of the Americas all working together, it can be done.

"The Alliance for Progress was a magnificent concept."

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EUROPE IN A TIME OF CHANGE

A veteran foreign correspondent forecasts the new patterns of power that will dominate European affairs in the decade of the Seventies.

by DREW MIDDLETON

PARIS.

This summer is unlike others of this decade. There is a sense of change in Europe. The patterns of power are dissolving. The problems of the Seventies, comfortably over the horizon six months ago, suddenly are urgent.

On the surface, little has changed. The planes, trains, and cars stream south to the Mediterranean sunning grounds. From Bonn to Bordeaux, from Stockholm to Naples, Western Europe, by its standards, is precociously affluent. The faint rumblings of coming change leave the new Europeans unworried. Politics have been divorced from their good life. They are confident it will continue whoever rules in Bonn or London or Paris.

The realities have scarcely penetrated. Only the unhappy few—cabinet ministers, senior civil servants, some legislators, most editors—see new challenges arising and a new European pattern emerging from the solution of those challenges.

The starting point in this period of change is that the view of France as the leader of Europe, always largely phony, has been destroyed. General de Gaulle has gone, taking with him all the garish furnishings of France's mystic, and never adequately explained, claim to leadership. In reality, the Emperor had no clothes. Now, even the Emperor has departed.

For the first time in years, Europe sees France as it is: a second-class power, burdened by an enormously expensive and operationally questionable nuclear force, and plagued by problems also known to lesser breeds, such as a disappointing balance of payments and industrial unrest that seldom troubled the General's sleep.

Georges Pompidou, the new president, is less fortunate. The state of the French economy, the mounting resistance to taxes, the social unrest—these are not thoughts that compose a man's mind for sleep.

Mr. Pompidou's campaign included the normal quota of political claptrap. But, evidently, he is more aware of France's pressing internal problems than was his predecessor. There are signs that he recognizes the connection between a solution of these problems and the establishment of a more liberal Gaullism. He knows that the august pronunciamentos from the Elysée Palace, so favored by the General and his toadies—and so often ineffective—have little force in the France, or the Europe, of today.

Finally, the problems that face France now are those that led to the events of May 1968, and Georges Pompidou, Premier from 1962 and 1968, clearly failed to solve them. He has what so few politicians ever have, a second chance.

The task is to modernize and rationalize both the French economy and the social system it supports. This must be done, whether Pompidou's government moves toward greater cooperation with Europe or attempts—and the attempt is likely to fail—to reassert French leadership on the Continent. His job will be complicated, too, by the growing awareness of the French bureaucracy and French business that France's problems cannot be settled in isolation from Europe.

Is a Gaullist foreign policy possible without de Gaulle?

The answer now seems to be no. The country's economic base always was too rickety for the General's ambitions. It is no less so today. But the change in Europe, and in European attitudes toward France, is an equally powerful argument.

The basic element is that the Federal Republic of Germany is now *seen* to be the most powerful country in Western Europe. That power has been a reality for five years. But the Gaullist magic, and it was a magic no matter how preposterous the source, diverted the French, and many others, from the facts. M. Dryasdust, at his desk in the ministry, had the facts at his fingertips. But under Le Grand Charles, who listened to him?

The Germans, understandably, are doing their best to discourage the idea that de Gaulle's passing meant a shift in power to Bonn. No German wants to hear talk about his country's power in Europe. Not now, anyway. Willy Brandt, Bonn's foreign minister, recently lectured the Council of Europe against such dangerous thoughts. The concept of one Western European power dominating the others was out of date, he argued. The modern idea was to work for European cooperation; there might have been a shift in power, but no one should worry because it had shifted to Germany.

To be sure, aside from the editorial writers of the *Daily Express* in London and, of course, the propagandists in the Communist bloc, few in Europe see a return of the Germans to the bad old days of the Thirties. Nevertheless, the fact that the Germans, with their record, are now the power in Western Europe is forcing some adjustment in attitudes to long standing European problems. Inevitably, a good deal of nonsense has been talked.

One facile assumption has been that the General's retirement and German strength would bring the British pellmell into the European Common Market. There is considerable talk in the foreign ministries among the smaller members of the Six about the wisdom of having the British with them "in the cage with the tiger," meaning the Germans. There also is, although this tended to be forgotten in good King Charles's golden days, a reservoir of respect and even affection for Britain accumulated in those distant days of World War II.

The British say they want negotiations for entry "at the earliest possible moment." Some are uncharitable enough to ascribe this urgency to Mr. Wilson's natural desire for a gain in foreign affairs to offset his domestic losses.

But is admission really that easy? In the largest sense, many Europeans, who sincerely want Britain in to pro-

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mote greater European unity, recognize that there is a trend toward nationalism and away from internationalism in vast sections of the electorates. The great exception is European youth which rejects the former as outdated and irrelevant, and which is more familiar with other peoples, customs, and languages than any earlier generation.

Among bankers and businessmen, particularly those dealing with Europe's modern industries—aircraft manufacture, electronics, telecommunications—British progress in these fields makes England's entry attractive. This is based on the assumption that, with the British in, a united Europe through combination might be able to repel the American invasion in those fields.

The majority of Europeans in government and a great many other business men and bankers, however, hardly consider Britain, as she is today, a suitable candidate for membership. For their part, the British, whether they are for or against entering Europe, remain confident that most of Europe is itching to get them into the club.

This is natural enough, for very few in the United Kingdom understand the sad, almost comic, figure they cut on the continent under Mr. Wilson's government. Europeans, without attempting to discount their own shortcomings, see a country apparently incapable of solving its economic problems and relying on foreign borrowings. Foreign policy hovers between atavistic and faintly risible operations such as Anguilla and the Labor Party's incurable habit of lecturing the rest of the world from an ever dwindling power base.

Nevertheless, the attitude toward British membership is changing in Europe, although criticism of the British —their wildcat strikes, their archaic industrial methods—is severe. Full entry will take a long time, but it will come and for a reason more impelling than the recognition of German strength: the appreciable reduction of United States interest in Europe.

The last five years have demonstrated to Europeans that America, while not hostile, is so involved in its own problems—some internal, others external—that it will be able to devote to Europe for some considerable time to come only a secondary interest. Despite President Nixon's assurances of abiding cooperation and friendship, the more farsighted Europeans realize that the urban and racial crises, the decay of responsibility from the Supreme Court to the college campus, and the road out of the Vietnamese morass must be more important to Americans than the future of the Continent.

This reporter, discussing the problem with those who deal with national policies, encountered another, and more disturbing, attitude toward the United States.

Put simply it is this: as a result of many factors, but chiefly the dissent over the war in Vietnam and the prospect of a nuclear arms agreement with the Soviet Union, can the United States be relied on to protect Europe at its own risk?

No one doubts American strength. What is doubted is American will to use it on behalf of an ally when our own vital interests are not involved. Such a doubt strikes at the basis of our protection of Europe through the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

And, of course, if the Administration sells out the South Vietnamese government, which many Europeans expect, doubts will multiply.

The United States would not be greatly blamed by practical politicians if it embarked on a policy of appeasement abroad and reconstruction at home. But such a policy would strengthen their belief that Europe in the Seventies will have to deal with the problems of that decade.

The problem, never far from the forefront of men's minds, is the form and scope of an eventual settlement with the Soviet Union over Germany. Just as West Germany is the most powerful state in Western Europe, so East Germany is recognized as the keystone of the Soviet position in Eastern Europe. Europeans feel that any true détente must deal primarily with the twenty-four-year-old problem of German reunification.

In this connection Europeans appear less interested in arrangements for the restriction of nuclear weapons, of which they have few, than in eliminating the political issues that might provoke the use of such weapons. However, if no progress is made in that direction, then it is likely that, led by Britain and Germany, Europe will begin to talk about an independent nuclear deterrent for its own defense.

Few Europeans in the West want Germans to deal with Germans on reunification. The most likely organization to represent the West in such a negotiation, as they see it, is an enlarged Common Market including Britain and, possibly, Denmark and Norway.

Such a negotiation presupposes a far greater degree of political unity in Western Europe than now appears within reach. This can change, not because the Europeans will love each other more but because they understand that to participate effectively in a German settlement they must present a solid political front. No one should underestimate the importance of the German question to Western Europe.

Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, even in the jet age, are far away. But Germany is here, in Europe, the beginning of the East. The clamant issue it represents appears at this juncture to be the factor that can do more than any other to prevent Europe from slipping into a revival of the conditions that existed before 1914 when nationalism was in the saddle and every road led inevitably to the Marne.

"You're the only Albert J. Reuterson in the phone book. Doesn't that mean anything?"

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What Hope in Nigeria?

LIBREVILLE, GABON.

Nothing is more compelling about American history than its continuing magic for other peoples. Both the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution have served as models for the political forms of more states than the political documents of any other national society. At the Bandung Conference in 1955 marking the newly achieved freedom of most of the nations of Asia and Africa, the keynote address began with a recitation of Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride," in keeping with the description of the American Revolution as the prime inspiration for the independence movements of Asia and Africa.

The power of the American past is in abundant evidence today on both sides of the Nigerian civil war. In Lagos, capital of Nigeria, and in Owerri, provisional capital of Biafra, I had a number of conversations with government leaders, and I couldn't help being impressed by the extent to which major events in American history are points of reference in their thinking about the war.

On the Nigerian side, the American Civil War is more than a source of illumination; it is a stern historical prescription. Abraham Lincoln's conviction about the need to preserve the Union, despite all tragedy and travail, has become a mandate for leaders of the Nigerian government. Theirs is a struggle, as they see it, against dismemberment or fragmentation. They take heart from Lincoln's steadfastness in facing up to the issue of secession, and from his ultimate success in holding the nation together. Indeed, when Nigerians attempt to explain to Americans the central issue of their war, they speak about America's conflict over the cause of national unity more than a century ago.

Biafrans are no less explicit in invoking American history. However, it is not the Civil War but the Revolutionary period of American history that they see as pertinent to their own struggle. They take inspiration from the heroic achievement of the American people in tearing themselves free from outside rule. They do not feel that secession is an accurate description of their own position today, any more than it would be a fair description of the refusal of the individual American states to give up their autonomy until an acceptable relationship to each other could be worked out. They contend that Nigeria under the British was an arbitrary geographical designation rather than a natural political fact. They also point to other areas, such as India, where British rule was not enough of a common bond to overcome important cultural, racial, and religious differences, and where separation facilitated rather than retarded the freedom of the peoples involved.

Whatever their validity, however, historical analogies will not resolve the present Nigerian conflict. The million or more people who have died in that war are victims, direct and indirect, of a long series of causes, including the wave of national freedom sweeping over Africa, the piled-up combustibles of tribal and religious differences, and the tendency of violence to feed on itself. Attempts to sort and assign precise weight to all these causes are a waste of precious time at this point. It is much too late, in fact, for anything except to try to stop the prodigious loss of life.

What are the chances for a non-military settlement? As in the Vietnam war, there is a natural reluctance on each side to do anything or propose anything that could be construed as weakness by the other. To the extent that an expressed desire to get into peace talks is apt to be regarded in this light, it is doubtful that there will be public pronouncements along this line. But there may be enough reasonable men on both sides who realize the war has long since passed the point where anything can be proved on the battlefield. Those who anticipated an early victory must reckon with the stern facts of the present situation. A great deal of territory has been captured by the Federal forces, but the Biafrans have displayed both tenacity and capacity, and have retaken some highly strategic areas. The military situation today may not be one of stalemate, but it is at least one of significant stabilization. Even if military victory in the usual sense could be achieved, the war could continue on the guerrilla level for years. In that event, Biafra would be in a state of occupation rather than pacification and re-incorporation.

This being the case, the central question today is whether the points at issue can yield to reasonable efforts of resolution. On the Nigerian side is the determination to keep Biafra—and all the other regions—inside a united government, and to build a great national society. On the Biafran side is the determination to protect the individual

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in his right to live and work without fear of seizure or slaughter. The Biafrans are worried about a recurrence of the 1966 massacre in the north that resulted in the death of 40,000 Ibos. They fear that integration into Federal Nigeria will impose on them the status of a subjugated people.

Of course, there are other issues on both sides, but these problems are the ones that call most insistently for sustained and objective attention. Inasmuch as American history has become a standard point of reference for both sides, it may be pertinent to point out that for four years after the end of the successful American Revolution the states were in a condition of increasing disarray and even open conflict. The political arrangements of 1783 did not fit the existing situation. The Philadelphia Constitutional Convention was not the next step after freedom from Great Britain but the culmination of a long period of recriminations and hostilities among the sovereign American states. What the Philadelphia Convention tried to do was to arrive at a workable balance between the insistence of the individual states that they retain essential sovereignty and the recognition by individual statesmen that the relationships of the states to one another had to be carefully defined and ordered in the common good.

It is quite possible that none of the terms or concepts used to describe the relationship of closely connected states will fit the requirements of Nigeria and Biafra. No matter. New concepts and terms to fit can be devised. Biafra cannot exist as a walled-in entity. Neither can Nigeria survive as a Federal government if any of its citizens have to live in constant terror. The challenge, therefore, is to begin serious talks about specific problems rather than to carry on volatile debate over terms that have become catchwords, and that can only obstruct workable answers.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the search for peace lies only with the leaders of the contending forces. Great Britain and the Soviet Union, which have been maintaining the military forces of Nigeria, and France, which has been supplying Biafra, have a crucial role to play in making talks possible. Great Britain especially is in an excellent position to help bring about a non-military resolution of the war. The United States may be too involved in the effort of extricating itself from the Vietnam war to feel it can play a major part in the Nigerian conflict. But it would be a mistake for Americans to underestimate the extent to which the African peoples continue to look to them on any questions involving national independence and individual freedom. —N.C.

Letters to the Editor

Lack of Goals?

A GAP, MORE TELLING than the distance between the generations about which he wrote, occurred in Harrison Brown's editorial "Why the Generation Gap?" [*SR*, July 19] when, of the young, he said: "The rebels lack goals . . . in general, they really do not know what they are for. They are rebels with a cause, but without a program." From that point on I was sure the article had fallen mysteriously into the hands of a less sensitive writer.

The thrust of the same issue's article "Ivan Illich: The Christian as Rebel" makes it abundantly clear that *program* and *goals*, at least in the sense in which we have learned to think of them, offer no solution to the students' dilemma. In the article, Peter Schrag has discerned what Mr. Brown has missed, namely, that the aspirations of the young probably cannot be programed, certainly not to the satisfaction of their elders, at least not in this provisional era in which we now live.

EDWIN E. BEERS,
Campus Ministry,
United Church of Christ,
University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wis.

HARRISON BROWN repeats the absurd rumor that the young rebels lack goals, and that they know what they are against but not what they are for. He evidently has not been listening.

They are for peace and against war, for love and against hate, for people and against things gained at their expense. They believe violence and warfare over land and materials is absurd, childish, and obscene—and that sex is not. They believe in survival rather than in "profits." If this is not a cause and a program, then none exists.

If he means that programs of love and peace are not compatible with our way of life, or that they are not economically viable or possible in our greedy world, he is on firmer philosophical ground, but why doesn't he say so, and consequently carry the argument forward to a new dimension?

What he is really saying is that love is not practical. What could possibly be more practical than survival?

CLYDE MARTIN,
Chelmsford, Mass.

I AM APPALLED at Harrison Brown's naïve conclusions following such a thorough catalogue of causes for youth's current discontent. What good is it to state one's objection to violence when youth (and blacks) regularly find that violence makes government listen when it has theretofore

"When we get there, let me do most of the pontificating."

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HEP's neighborhood is two square blocks in Central Harlem where 5,000 people are housed—one small segment of the vast Negro ghetto where many elementary school children are three to five years below citywide grade level in reading, where only 35% of the children graduate from high school and a scant 1% enters college. Educational frustration kills the eagerness to learn; it breeds apathy, despair. To kindle desire for learning, to develop skills and positive feelings towards oneself, one's community—these are HEP's aims.

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been deaf? What good to bemoan the "rebels' " lack of goals?

Mr. Brown's very lack of faith in youth's ability to find new goals is an apt illustration of the generation gap itself. And how can he be so confident of our "getting ourselves out of this mess"? He bets all his money on the very science and technology which he has earlier shown to be so overwhelmingly preoccupied with military needs. Nowhere does he (or could he, I believe) demonstrate that either the public attitude or our primary institutions are responsive to the drastic change in priorities he would envision.

MRS. SUZANNE M. BROWN,
Sacramento, Calif.

MR. BROWN obviously has not listened as criticially as he should have. The young rebels are *not* attacking the ideals and goals of American democracy—they want them realized. That's substantially what their primary goal is. The truth of the matter is that American society has failed to legitimatize itself on its own terms, it has failed to do what its own rationale calls for it to do.

HENRY D. ALBERTS,
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Behind the Brain Drain

NURI EREN in "Supply, Demand, and the Brain Drain" [*SR*, Aug. 2] states the nature of a very real problem, but the reasons he cites are not, I believe, the most cogent. In fifteen years as a student and teacher in colleges and universities, I have known a large number of foreign students from all over the world. They have been almost unanimous in telling me that they did not intend to return to their native lands upon completion of their education, and they overwhelmingly gave three reasons:

1) Greater freedom in the U.S. Many foreign students come from societies where a repressive police-state, military dictatorship, or monarchy has conditioned them to an atmosphere of restricted choice and constant uneasy fear. From this to the comparatively free lifestyle of the American university is a leap which not many foreign students wish to reverse.

2) Security from social turmoil. Most of the "third world" is fantastically unstable, with juntas and coups overturning a life's work in hours. In a revolutionary situation, those unfortunate enough to have "an American education" are often quickly singled out for elimination.

3) Adoption of American life-style. During four or more years of study in this country, the foreign student absorbs much in addition to official course work. He is exposed to all the attractions of the mass media, and, no matter how much he attempts to maintain his cultural integrity, he meets the same pressures toward conformity as does the American sitting next to him in class.

The first two circumstances are in the power of the students' home-country to change, to make it a society that the trained young will want to come home to. The third is probably the inevitable result of transplanted education, and this will continue as long as the rest of the world values an American education above whatever is available in their own countries, regardless of its actual relative superiority.

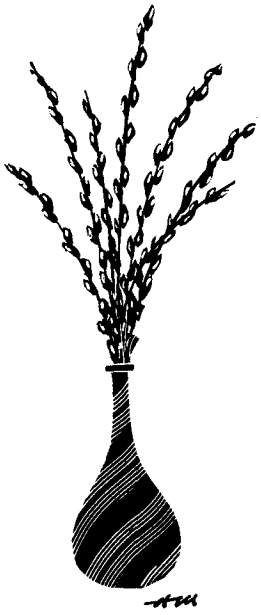
THOMAS J. CUMMINS,
Barstow, Calif.

Late Date

ONE OF YOUR correspondents evidently has sources of information that would be of more than ordinary interest to historians and theologians when he says that "when Calvin burned Servetus, Luther approved" [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Aug. 2].

Servetus was burned in 1553. Luther died in 1546.

CECIL L. FRANKLIN,
Acting Chairman,
Department of Religion,
University of Denver,
Denver, Colo.



No "Plastic" Panacea

WE WERE GRATIFIED to read Arthur Knight's favorable review [*SR*, July 19] of our film, *The Fantastic Plastic Machine*. He did, however, suggest that the film pretends to offer a cure for society's ills. We do not believe there is anything in the film, verbal or visual, to support this conclusion.

We have used the specific experience of three disillusioned champion surfers as a simile for the universal condition of youth in ferment. The pulse of our film belongs to this accomplished trio who have given up the financial rewards and ego boosts which come from competitive success for something more meaningful and personally fulfilling. To us, this situation parallels the "dropout" situation which is occurring throughout the world on both scholastic and societal levels. Many young people upon perceiving that "making it" is a hollow ideal are withdrawing contemplatively in search of an equilibrium.

Our film offers no cures; it merely focuses on an alternative life-style, one which is growing proportionately to the growth of disaffection.

LOWELL AND ERIC BLUM,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

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HERMAN MELVILLE'S SESQUICENTENNIAL

Why Isn't Melville for the Masses?

by HENNIG COHEN

Herman Melville is no doubt the most famous but least celebrated writer in the history of American literature and the evidence received up to now does not indicate that the 150th anniversary of his birth, which occurred August 1, was an occasion for popular commemoration.

The reasons are almost Melvillian in their ambiguities. First, Melville is a writer who arouses intense but private responses. It is not easy to share him because this means sharing one's privacy, and the sum total of many intensely personal responses does not equal mass popularity. Though he identified with the outcasts and wanderers, the Ishmaels, Melville himself was no escapist fleeing the drudgery and frustrations of civilization for high drama aboard whaling ships and exotic adventure on the South Sea islands. He was deeply committed to the world in which he lived and in his fashion a sociable man. Moreover, he was involved in significant manifestations of American destiny as both sailor and writer—to such an extent that the subject matter, even the style of his life and books exemplify the national character, and the metaphysical themes that engrossed his thinking are expressions of the national mind.

So it is in a complex and rather limited way that Melville is a public figure, and if there are no Presidential proclamations or postage stamps embellished with white whales to commemorate the sesquicentennial of his birth, there are more solid albeit less conspicuous indications of his place in American culture. As Melville says, having landed us on one of his tantalizing Pacific islands, "Let us to particulars"—here the particulars of his public recognition and the solid indications.

In his own day Melville was never a best-seller. *Typee*, the sailor narrative of adventure in Polynesia, was his first and in his lifetime his most popular book. It made him the bright young author of the season and gained him entrance into New York literary circles, but earned him only about $2,000. In fact, Melville did poorly in the marketplace with all his eleven books of prose fiction—from *Typee* in 1846 to *The Confidence-Man* in 1857—as well as with his verse, which in the end he had printed in editions limited to twenty-five copies and privately circulated. Money and public acclaim may not be equivalents but neither are they unrelated.

Melville did acquire, however, the esteem of a small group of devoted readers in England and the United States, and they remained faithful even after 1866, when he broke away from the literary world and submerged himself in the routine of family life and a minor post in the New York Custom House. He slipped so quietly into privacy that when he died in 1891 the obituary notices conveyed a suggestion of surprise that he had been living all those years in New York.

For the last twenty-five years of his life and until his "revival" in the 1920s, Melville had an underground reputation; though out of joint with the times and not a profitable commodity, he endured. Nevertheless, the discrepancy between private appreciation and public indifference has persisted even though the appreciation

HENNIG COHEN, who is professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, editor of *American Quarterly*, and secretary of the Melville Society, has edited editions of the novels and poetry of Herman Melville.

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is ardent and Melville is a major academic institution. For example, the Modern Language Association, which issues an annual international bibliography of literary scholarship, shows in its 1968 compilations sixty-eight items (books, essays, dissertations) on Melville, who among American authors leads the field—followed by Henry James with fifty-eight, Poe with forty-nine, Mark Twain with forty-two, Hawthorne, Melville's mentor and friend, with forty, and Whitman, his exact contemporary, with thirty-eight. *Abstracts of English Studies,* published by the National Council of Teachers of English, reveals that Melville does rather well in comparison with the classic authors in the language. In 1968 this service abstracted seventeen articles on *Moby-Dick,* forty on *Hamlet,* thirty-four on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales,* and twenty-nine on Milton's *Paradise Lost.* The *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* with fifteen articles, was the only other American work that came close.

More complicated indicators of the curious nature of Melville's readership are paperback book sales. Although they of course reflect popular taste, the considerable college bookstore sale of paperbacks is stimulated by academic taste, and this is something else again. Here, perhaps, we find a merging of popular and élite culture, which is nice, but the professors, not the commonalty, determine what titles publishers select. The most recent *Paperbound Books in Print* lists, by rough count, fifty-five Melville paperbacks, including sixteen competing *Moby-Dicks.* Melville is not in front, however. Mark Twain has seventy-seven paperback titles, including twenty-two *Huck Finns* and eleven *Tom Sawyers;* and the statistics on Hawthorne, with fifty-four titles, including twenty-five *Scarlet Letters,* are significant.

The Mark Twain and Hawthorne figures take some explaining. Both are affected by the college market, but I suspect their place in the popular estimation as children's classics—that is, books assumed to be simple, wholesome, instructive, and read for generations in the schools—is a crucial factor. *Moby-Dick* has not yet achieved this status. Whereas *Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn,* and *The Scarlet Letter* (I once heard a nun in a teaching order complain about how hard it is to find an edition of the last without a sexy cover) have general and élite appeal, their popularity in the schoolroom and with the public has a direct relationship to their heft. *Moby-Dick* is twice the length of *Huckleberry Finn,* which in turn is much longer than the others. Melville is enshrined on the highest altar in the pantheon of American letters. The priesthood is revered and orthodox. The worshipers are numerous and devout. But the religion is essentially a mystery cult, and while it doesn't deliberately exclude, it doesn't proselyte either. To shift from a metaphorical to an actual pantheon, the electors of the Hall of Fame at New York University have honored Mark Twain, Hawthorne, Whitman, Poe, Thoreau, Emerson, all of the New England graybeards, and even Sidney Lanier but not, in their democratic wisdom, Melville. (Nor Henry James, who likewise has failed thus far to draw the masses.)

The average man also speaks through *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations,* whose editors, to quote from the preface, flatter themselves that through the years they have had "an ear for the popular line." Now admittedly the ability to frame apothegms is not evenly distributed nor the ob-

Herman Melville—"no escapist."

ject of every author, but the familiarity of literary quotations is a measure of the extent his words have been absorbed into the language. In this Melville does not show up particularly well. The 14th edition of *Bartlett's,* published last year, has thirty-five Melville quotations, twenty-two from *Moby-Dick*—an improvement over the 12th edition with eleven quotes, eight from *Moby-Dick.* But this is nowhere near the space allotted Emerson or Mark Twain, who made a career of being quoted. They have 185 and 116 quotes respectively. Yet certain phrases Melville used—"shock of recognition," "no, in thunder," "power of blackness"—were picked up as book titles by three of our most provocative critics, evolved into watchwords, and have passed into the vernacular, if that's the term, of the literati.

Melville's reputation has been made secure by an élite following in academe and on its fringes and among innumerable individuals. The reasons they do not constitute a mass movement appear to lie in the complexity of his writings; their sheer bulk (again, *Moby-Dick* or the narrative poem, *Clarel*), which is as formidable as the arrayed ranks of Henry James's New York Edition; and, until recently when we caught up with him, the heart of Melville's matter and manner —existential views and religious concerns set forth in a style that combines rhapsody, rich allusiveness, logic chopping, wordplay and wit. Is it any wonder that not everyone chose to take up the fiery hunt?

Taste, however, does change and ideas—demanding and sometimes unpleasant ones by old harpooners like Melville—do penetrate the broader reaches of society. Telling evidence of this is the successful launching of a project to publish, in full scholarly panoply, an edition of Melville's complete writings. Nothing could be more appropriate to celebrate his 150th birthday.

The sponsorship is imposing and impeccable; the Center for Editions of American Authors of the Modern Language Association, the Newberry Library of Chicago, the Northwestern University Press, a pod of bibliographical scholars and literary historians (with Harrison Hayford as general editor), and the United States Office of Education, which has supplied funds. They propose to produce "in a critical text, faithful to the author's intentions" some fifteen volumes in the order of their original publication, which will contain uncollected reviews and sketches, unpublished manuscripts, letters, and juvenilia.

The first two volumes, *Typee* and *Omoo,* its sequel, came out in 1968. The next three, scheduled for 1969, are *Mardi,* which begins as another realistic adventure in the Pacific and ends in a quest among allegorical islands representing the mid-nineteenth-century world; *Redburn,* based on Melville's experiences on a New York-Liverpool packet, his first voyage; and *White-Jacket,* which, again based on personal experience, describes life aboard a United States Navy frigate, seen as microcosm. *Moby-Dick* is next.

From the viewpoint of scholars what has been done thus far is splendid and gratefully received. We have something we have long needed, the texts of a master in the form he intended, purged of corruptions and incorporating publisher's expurgations and author's revisions. Included, for example, are slightly salty passages about the native girls and attacks on the missionary spoilers of the Polynesian Eden in *Typee,* as well as important

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additions Melville made for the English printing of *White-Jacket*. Accompanying each text are an appendix comprising the book's publication and critical history—the specifics of composition, main sources, production, sales, early reviews, and subsequent interpretations and analyses—and in ample detail the evidence used by the editors to establish the text. They are honest gentlemen and good workers, and they mean for us to know it.

The scholars and devotees are well served but what about the public? Is *Moby-Dick*, despite the demands that it makes on the reader, about to become the great American novel in the sense that it is a public property? Shorn of their appendices, these definitive texts will be readily available for reprinting, and in the future there will be no excuse for botched-up editions of Melville no matter how inexpensively produced. This may not at first seem of great consequence, but remember that it is being made possible by a federal grant. The United States Congress is better known for bending to the will of the people than to literary scholars and certainly not to monomaniacs, no matter how numerous, in hot pursuit of white whales. In the end, money and Melville's popular appeal are not, as we said before, unrelated.

I see Moby Dick taking his place in the bestiary of American children along with Smoky Bear, Donald Duck, Peter Rabbit, Rudolph of the red nose, and those Pooh creatures.

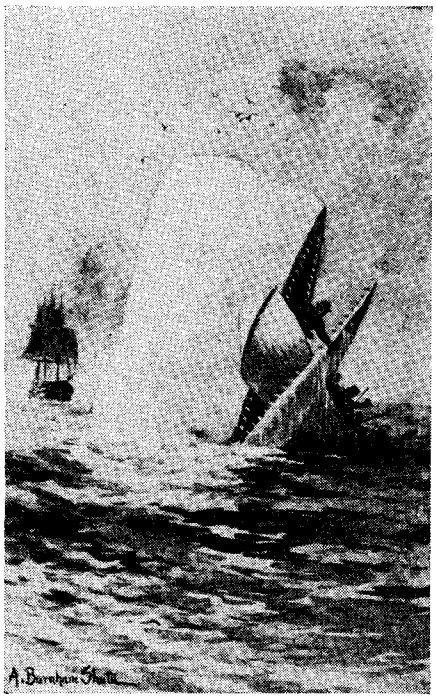

Illustration by A. Burnham Shute for "Moby-Dick"—logic-chopping and wit.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

No Gloom, Rancor or Malice

A SLIP OF THE PRINTER in my review of Graham Greene's *Collected Essays* [*SR*, Aug. 2] transforms one of my thoughts about him into an utter garble.

As it appeared, the copy went:

> . . . . battles against odds fascinate him, and his conclusion about them is the one he attributes to James: rancor, or malice, but with a virile stamina that defies inevitability.

What I actually wrote was:

> . . . battles against odds fascinate him, and his conclusion about them is the one he attributes to James: "there was no victory for human beings." This he accepts without gloom, rancor, or malice, but with a virile stamina that defies inevitability.

Taking a cue from James and Greene, I suggest this correction without gloom, rancor, or malice.

ROBERT MAURER,
Fairborn, O.

Unearthed Wealth

IT'S ALL VERY WELL for Professor Alexander Dallin to say that my book "is rich in texture, reliable in facts, and reflects many years of firsthand experience" [*SR*, July 19] but I think your readers would have benefited more if he had at least alluded to some of the wealth of material I unearthed during the three years and five months I wrote *Russia's Road to Peace and War*.

For instance, the secret documents from the British Foreign Office and from the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which nobody writing on Soviet foreign affairs had ever had access to, enabled me to present a coherent picture of foreign intervention in Soviet Russia from 1918 to 1921. Moreover, I was given access in Bonn in the summer of 1966 to the files of the German Foreign Office on Soviet-German relations in the 1920s and '30s. These papers, untouched by any American writer or, as far as I know, any European writer, permitted me to knit together an account of the secret Soviet-German military relations from 1920 to 1933 and reveal a rather unique double relationship between Moscow and Berlin when the Kremlin was fomenting Communist uprisings in Germany until 1923 while maintaining close collaboration with, and giving aid to, the Germany army which suppressed those uprisings.

Additional documents found in Bonn show that the origins of the Soviet-Nazi pact of 1939 go back to 1935, when Moscow took the initiative. And on the pact itself I have, for example, a hitherto unpublished 1,400-word telegram from Nazi Foreign Minister Ribbentrop to the German Ambassador in Moscow explaining the Hitlerite interest in the Soviet-Nazi pact.

LOUIS FISCHER,
Princeton, N.J.

Cure for Insomnia

MY HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS on J. H. Plumb's exquisitely keen and perceptive Perspective on insomnia [*SR*, July 26]. As a fellow insomniac, I have puzzled for years over "what to read." I am delighted to report having stumbled across his article at 4:13 A.M. one working day, after tossing aside *Snoopy and the Red Baron*, Shakespeare's Sonnets and *The Love Machine*.

I read Perspective avidly, anxious for professional advice. It came more quickly than expected when, midway through the article, I fell into the soundest sleep I have experienced in some weeks. Henceforth, I shall keep Perspective at my bedside, in the pile with Keats's *Letters* and Trevor-Roper's *Historical Essays*.

ANNE MALLARD DAVIS,
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Take Dickens for Torpor

J. H. PLUMB PROVES HIMSELF to be an entertaining and knowledgeable insomniac. In his summary of the type of books most satisfactory as an anodyne, a summary in which I am in complete agreement, he neglects to mention one requirement, although it is perhaps implicit in his comments. That is the need of familiarity with the books. Unless the reader knows the contents sufficiently well to start and stop at any point, there is the temptation to continue reading regardless of the warning bells of returning sleep.

The book I keep closest to my bedside is *Pickwick Papers*. Open it anywhere and old friends will take you into a different world. The rambling tale is so episodic that as sleep approaches it can be laid aside as Sam Weller, Jingle, Mr. Pickwick or any other of the multifarious characters lull you into a delightful torpor.

THOMAS W. ASHWELL,
New Canaan, Conn.

Nothing Fictional About Zambia

HOW PUZZLING TO FIND in a review by Joyce Carol Oates the curious remark that Doris Lessing's *The Four-Gated City* [*SR*, May 17] deals "with Zambia, a fictional equivalent of Northern Rhodesia." Nothing very fictional about Zambia, I can assure her. It is the proper name of the former British controlled country, Northern Rhodesia, and it has been an independent country under its president, Kenneth Kaunda, since 1964.

VIRGINIA T. PICKETT,
Deep Brook, Nova Scotia

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Fiction

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS

by Jorge Amado, translated from the Portuguese by Harriet de Onís

Knopf, 553 pp., $6.95

THE FLOURISHING CITIES OF BRAZIL have spawned fine regional fiction writers. Whereas Veríssimo is the chronicler of Porto Alegre, Alcântara Machado of São Paulo, and Lins do Rêgo of the cane-sugar country of the Northeast, the veteran Jorge Amado records the colorful life of Bahia (Salvador), near his birth-place, Ilhéus. Amado's earlier novels revealed him as a militant and revolutionary, and more than once the government has sent him into exile. In *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* Amado forsakes political commitment to tell us a double love story.

Reading *Dona Flor* is like spending your vacation in this bustling town, meeting everyone from the Archbishop to the lowest pimp, visiting everything from posh homes to backstreet whorehouses and gambling dens like the Tabaris and the Abaixadinho. The colors, smells, sounds, and pullulations of Bahia make the novel as rich a mosaic as a Rio sidewalk.

Completed in Salvador in 1966, the story narrates the life of Florípedes Paiva Madureira from her birth to her early thirties. An innocent, lower-middle-class girl, the "marine wave" of whose hips leads to misconceptions, Flor has two ambitions: to be happily married and to found a cooking school. We watch with dismay as she enters a misalliance with the most blatant liar, rake, and fourflusher in town, Vadinho Guimarães. Vado spends his days and evenings at roulette and his nights with whores, while Flor waits for him in their steel bed. He borrows the money Flor earns and loses it gambling. He seduces the adolescent girls in Flor's Cooking School of Savor and Art. While Flor admits she has made the worst match in town, Vadinho's carefree appeal and unremitting sexuality enslave her. Every offense and inattention is forgotten as Vado speaks his honeyed words and tears off her dress. Death catches up with him when he is just past thirty. Costumed as a Bahian woman during carnival, the exhausted sexual athlete drops dead in the streets, with sambas and marchas as his frenetic dirge.

Flor's early widowhood is fraught with temptations, but she remains chaste for a second husband, if one can ever be found. After months of frustration she receives in the mail a proposal from the neighborhood druggist, the correct and polite Dr. Teodoro, who changes his shirt every day and whose motto is "A place for everything and everything in its place." The ever-present neighbors and relatives consider it a perfect match. Teodoro is generous, tactful, considerate, and abundantly provided, at forty, with good looks and sexual vigor. The night after the wedding ceremony is described with great sensitivity. Flor now begins to be admitted to the upper echelons of Bahian life. A year of well-ordered marital bliss goes by, with "love-making on Tuesdays and Saturdays, optional on Wednesdays."

At this point the novel changes character. Vadinho returns from the dead in search of a double vengeance. He intends to put horns on Teodoro and to disrupt the gambling world of Bahia. True, only Flor can see him, but after their first inconclusive embraces his bites and bruises are embarrassingly visible. Still Flor does not give in completely to him; instead she summons the Negro prostitute Dionísia, a votary of the god Oxóssi, to convince the deities that the troublesome ex-husband must be taken back to the land of the dead. Only after she has cuckolded Teodoro in one of literature's ruttiest scenes does Flor realize that she cannot live without her lovable ghost. But now it is too late. For Father Didi the Asobá has made sacrifices to the gods, and Vadinho is doomed. Flor utters a shriek of anguish worthy of Eurydice, which is heard throughout the spirit world and affects the outcome of the drama. The moral is whether a woman who needs both passion and security to achieve

Dona Flor's Recipe for Marinated Crab

INGREDIENTS *(for 8 servings)*

1 cup of coconut milk, without water
*1 cup of dendê oil**
2 pounds of crab

SAUCE

3 cloves of garlic
salt to taste
juice of one lemon
a pinch of coriander
a sprig of parsley
a shallot
2 onions
½ cup of olive oil
a red pepper
1 pound of tomatoes

TO DECORATE

4 tomatoes
1 onion
1 red pepper

PROCEDURE

Grate two onions, crush garlic in mortar;
Onion and garlic do not smell badly, ladies,
They are fruits of the earth, perfumed.
Mince the coriander, the parsley, several tomatoes,
The shallot and half the pepper.
Mix all with the olive oil
And set aside this sauce
of aromatic flavor.
Wash the crabs whole in lemon juice,
To get out all the sand without taking away the taste of the sea,
Then season them, dipping them, one by one,
In the sauce, and put them in the skillet,
Each separate, with its seasoning.
Spread the remaining sauce over them
Slowly, for this is a delicate dish!
Select four tomatoes, one pepper, one onion,
And slice them over the crabs
As a garnish.
Let them stand at room temperature for two hours
To absorb the flavor. Then put the skillet on the stove.
When almost done, and only then,
Add the coconut milk, and at the very end
The dendê oil, just before removing from the stove.
There you have that exquisite dish, of the finest cuisine,
Whoever can make it can rightfully boast
Of being a first-rate cook.
But, lacking the skill, it is better not to try it,
For everyone was not born a kitchen artist.

**Oil from African oilpalm; substitute any light vegetable oil.*

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happiness cannot best attain it with two husbands.

In such a long novel Amado has time to improvise on several topics obviously dear to him. Music is one: Dr. Teodoro is a masterful bassoon player, best able to express his passion for his wife by playing to her the *Lullaby for Floripedes* composed for her by Agenor Gomes, though Thomé, Lehár, and Agenor Gomes are often shouldered aside by the inevitable sambas, modinhas, spirituals, cocos, and rumbas. Cookery is another, and Flor's expertise—she can marinate a crab or stew a turtle like nobody's business—make her recipes coveted by everyone. Gambling is Amado's third passion, whether roulette, baccarat, *chemin de fer*, dice, twenty-one, numbers, French hare, or *ronda*, and Vado's return from the dead becomes most amusing when he tips off all the habitual losers on the numbers about to come up on the roulette wheel. But the most fascinating and typically Brazilian theme is occultism, the mysteries of *macumba* and *candomblé* imported from Africa by the blacks. "The very streets are full of spells and conjures, powerful hexes, dangerous witch doctors, sorcery."

Political and social problems receive little attention. True, the bookies pay off the police, a Sicilian *capo mafioso* is "the power behind the government," and so on, but the amiable, indulgent tone of the entire book reveals an author as tolerant and forgiving of the foibles of politicians and churchmen as of the frailties of the ordinary citizens who populate his story.

Brazil figures as the most ethnically integrated nation in the New World. Whites, blacks, and mulattoes live in harmony, with everyone inevitably race-conscious. Flor herself has "that delightful color of skin, like a tea rose, pale and delicate, the result of the mixture of native blood with Negro and white." The Brazilian resentment of the "white" Argentinians is present.

In this his thirteenth novel Jorge Amado at age fifty-three surpasses his hitherto acknowledged masterpiece, *As terras do sem fim* (Lands Bordering Infinity). The veteran translator Harriet de Onís has never been better, rendering the lyricism and the obscenities with equal fidelity. She wisely leaves in the original Portuguese many untranslatable words, but appends a glossary. When the National Book Awards are next distributed this magnificent translation by Mrs. Onís, who died March 14, should not be forgotten.

Robert J. Clements

Robert J. Clements is chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature at New York University.

O'SHAUGHNESSY'S CAFE

by Henry W. Clune

Macmillan, 473 pp., $6.95

FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS, Henry Clune has been delighting readers of the Rochester, N.Y., *Democrat and Chronicle* with his observations on life in an essentially Republican city. His newspaper columns have been collected and published in several books, most recently *The Best of Henry Clune* (1966). *O'Shaughnessy's Café*, a novel, is by no means the worst of Clune, although I don't think it will win any literary prizes. In the days of *Collier's* and *The Saturday Evening Post* it would have made a good serial, condensed to maybe eight installments of 10,000 words each. Television might be able to spin it out for a whole season. For those who didn't read *Collier's*, and don't watch TV, *O'Shaughnessy's Café* is a good introduction to the sort of story that has almost disappeared from the printed page. And in this book Clune may have buried it for good: the kind of America he writes about—the world of the small-time entrepreneur who makes it big fighting the pros—is gone.

You will have to take his word for it that Mrs. Opal Pruce, a onetime carnival pitchman turned sales demonstrator, can beat General Foods at its own game. And that she does this with a prepared pie-filling called Joy-Jell, concocted by the chef in O'Shaughnessy's Café, manufactured in a rented flat shared with a dice parlor and a clutch of itinerant prostitutes, and promoted with the help of the bibulous O'Shaughnessy, a small-time gambler named Poker Lou Libowitz, and the town scion, Geoffrey Langdon. The characters talk like displaced horse bettors out of Damon Runyon:

> "I'm never knowing you're in town, even," he said, wonderingly. "I'm ducking in here out of the rain. And what am I seeing? You! Like a wedding gift! I got a palsy-walsy, got a place down the street. You and me, we'll go see him. We'll knock back a few . . ."

Clune is a master at this sort of argot, and the novel crackles with poolhall dialogue, salty humor and the witless machinations of people who have stumbled onto something big and don't know what to do with it. In the end, the fantastic Mrs. Pruce cuts loose from her tin-horn accomplices and becomes a millionairess with gold-plated faucets. "I'm going to get lousy rich and be a lady!" she exclaims.

The novel concludes ambiguously. Mrs. Pruce is being sued by her son, the banks won't lend her any more money and Poker Lou is having trouble with his show-biz bride. Crisis threatens. Will Joy-Jell survive? It's not the kind of corporate problem that challenges the Harvard Business School or *Fortune* magazine, but in its crazy, cockeyed way it will amuse readers who remember fiction as it used to be. Mr. Clune has a warm place for life's cast-offs, and an urge to see them win.

David Dempsey

David Dempsey, who writes The Publishing Scene for SR, frequently criticizes fiction for various publications.

"I switched the plates. We'll be printing the real thing, and the Treasury Department will be turning out counterfeits."

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THE TUNNEL

by Maureen Lawrence
Doubleday, 227 pp., $4.95

COLOR THIS NOVEL GRAY: the gray of rainy English skies, of cobblestone streets in an industrial town, of slate roofs and dingy rooms in working-class houses. The only bright thing in the book—a pink satin bedspread—has a stain on it as the story opens. The heroine (to whom Maureen Lawrence never gives a name) lives a life of unrelieved dreariness, and that is the mood of *The Tunnel.*

When the book opens the main character is aged about forty and has just brought her first baby, born deaf and without ears, home from the hospital. She hates the child and, between scenes in which she imagines killing it in various ways, we get flashbacks of her unhappy present and past: the nosiness of the neighbors, her childhood as an unloved orphan in a Home, her trip to an amusement park where she first discovers sex in a "Ghost Tunnel" and is miserable, her long-time job cleaning up dirty dishes in the works canteen for the Transport Department, her tedious years tending a complaining landlady who finally dies, her marriage of convenience to a fellow worker who wants room and board.

It is a positive relief to both the mother and the reader when the baby dies of natural causes, leaving our heroine free to go back to her job at the canteen. Life goes miserably on, and Miss Lawrence closes her book with the thought: "And always it was dark. She could see no end to it, except in darkness." Such, she implies, is the tunnel that is life.

Miss Lawrence, who attended Nottingham University and earned an M.A. in literature at the University of Michigan, writes perceptively of details and catches the rhythm of English working-class speech. But only a young author would picture such unmitigated gloom. *The Tunnel* is her first novel; maybe by the second Miss Lawrence will have developed the ability to add occasional highlights and relieve monotony with a saving sense of humor.

Elizabeth Easton

Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

THE WHITE CROW

by Storm Jameson
Harper & Row, 314 pp., $5.95

THE TITLE OF THIS NOVEL comes, we are told, from a Northern tale: "There was once a white crow, he was a remarkable fellow, but he was mad . . ."

John Antigua is a remarkable fellow, all right. Born in the attic of a Portuguese lodging house, the bastard son of a servant girl who dies in childbirth, he impresses the few observers at this inauspicious event with his extraordinary ugliness: "a head like a bullock's," a grossly misshapen body, and "two long puckers of skin stretching from the shoulder blade as far as the third rib"—"like embryo fins," says the doctor. "More like that rough knobby line of skin on the outside edge of a plucked chicken wing," the landlady observes. Surely there is some deeper significance to these excrescences on Antigua's back, or why does the author return to them so often?

Antigua is also remarkably lucky. Marooned by accident in the seedy attic opposite, and awakened by the midnight anguish of the dying mother, is one of those late-nineteenth-century Englishmen of medium wealth and impeccable, almost eccentric virtue. The young John is rescued from a life of certain poverty and drudgery by this knight, who takes him back to England to be reared in comfortable and cultured surroundings. In this milieu he reveals a prodigious memory, a keen intelligence, an unfailing and unselective kindliness, and yet another physical trait: attached to that gross body are beautiful hands—surely, this time, a clear hint of latent artistic talents and sensitivities.

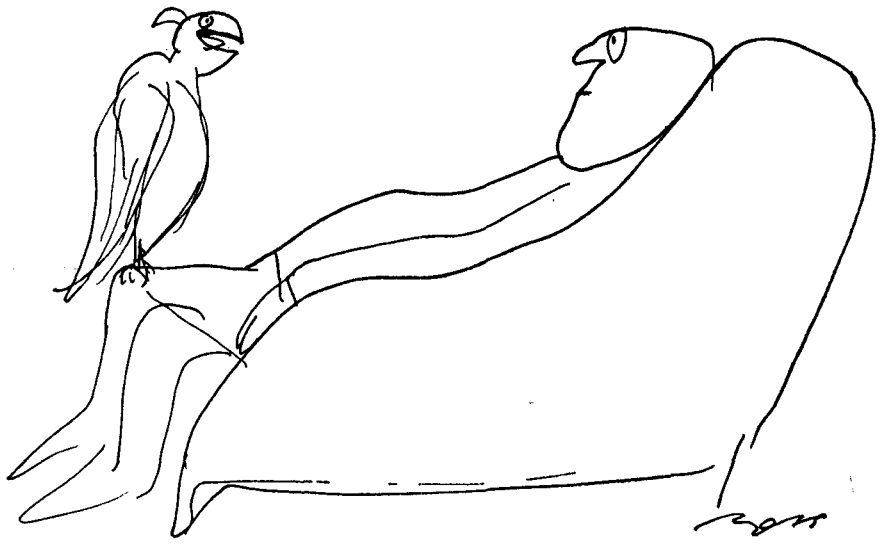
After a few years his benefactor dies, and Antigua is cast out in Dickensian manner to become a kitchen boy in a large London household. But his luck holds. The head chef, too, recognizes his exceptional qualities, adopts him as his protégé, and indoctrinates him in the culinary arts. Antigua eventually becomes the most famous restaurateur in Soho.

But wherein lies this singular fellow's madness? He is understanding, incredibly kind and generous to everyone with whom he comes in contact, never angry or vindictive even when wronged or betrayed by his friends. He lives as an ascetic even after he is rich, and asks nothing for himself in any situation. There is, indeed, something Christlike about our misshapen hero. But as the world dissolves into the monstrous brutalities of World War II, Antigua comes more and more to be regarded, even by his friends, as faintly ridiculous. Can this be the ironical message—that if Jesus were to return to this world and do his thing today he'd be put away as some kind of kook or troublemaker? It does look that way.

This is a subtle but dissatisfying novel. For most of the distance the story, ranging from the 1890s to the early years of World War II, and the characterizations, ranging from salty kitchen help to bitter European Jewish intellectuals, are beautifully handled, and the book is absorbing and intelligent. But all the mystery and the hints about Antigua's astonishing features lead us to nothing more than a series of rather academic and hackneyed discussions on the theme of man's inhumanity to man, and finally to a series of attic conversations between Antigua, God, the Devil, and various other visitors from the other side. What looks for a while like a sure winner blows up in the stretch and goes out in a blaze of mystical poppycock.

Eric Moon

Eric Moon, formerly editor of Library Journal, is now executive officer of The Scarecrow Press.



"Talk to me."

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National Budget

THE FISCAL REVOLUTION IN AMERICA

by Herbert Stein

University of Chicago Press, 526 pp., $10

"HERBERT HOOVER RECOMMENDED a big tax *increase* in 1931 when unemployment was extremely high and a large budget deficit was in prospect," notes Herbert Stein.

"John F. Kennedy recommended a big tax *reduction* in 1962 when unemployment was again a problem, although a much less serious one, and a large budget deficit was again in prospect."

The "fiscal revolution" was the process by which this dramatic change in policy prescription took place. Since the two episodes are thirty years apart, and since the process did not involve violent reversals of policy attitudes, "revolution" may not be the most apt title for Herbert Stein's admirable book, and he may himself have employed the term with some sense of irony.

An alternative title could have been "The Decline and Fall of the Balanced Budget Doctrine." Although no one ever seems to have believed that the budget *must* be balanced every year, and borrowing for capital purposes has always been tolerated, it is true that at the beginning of the 1930s the doctrine that the budget, somehow defined, should be balanced was a powerful constraint on policy. But the following thirty years saw deficits in twenty-four of them. The impression was bound to spread that the poison was not fatal, and some even found it agreeable.

Mr. Stein has written a highly lucid history of how the doctrine suffered under the pressure of events and partly under the pressure of ideas, notably those associated with the name of Keynes. The decline of the balanced budget doctrine almost necessarily meant the rise of compensatory finance. Among the interesting questions raised by the book, and faced by the country, are how far the compensatory idea provides satisfactory rules of budgetary conduct, and whether such rules are necessary.

To tell the whole story would require an economic history of the period. Since this was not feasible, much of the political drama that influenced economic events has necessarily been omitted, and the book gives a somewhat frustrating impression of detachment. Moreover, the author is so judicious and so fair to the actors in the play that the reviewer finds it very hard to criticize or applaud at any particular point.

I cannot attempt to summarize the book in a brief space; and it would be no substitute for reading Mr. Stein's story. Instead, I shall point to some of the "morals" and ironies that can be drawn from it.

First, it takes a long time for a new idea to get incorporated in national practice. The idea that the budget should be balanced every year was good enough for the family; why not for the nation? (Incidentally, it is *not* good for the family: You should not take your children out of school if you happen to have an unsuccessful business year.) At heart Franklin D. Roosevelt was a budget-balancer from the 1932 campaign to the time of his death.

Second, there is more to politics than economics. Even though the logic of compensatory spending may be perfectly clear from an economic point of view, that does not satisfy the politician. The deficit spenders of the New Deal were not interested in tax reduction as an equally good method of increasing purchasing power. President Roosevelt and his associates wanted to spend money to accomplish social purposes that were anathema to their adversaries. They also raised taxes to soak the rich even though that was bad economics during a depression.

Third, the hard-core budget balancers such as the late Senator Byrd were thoroughly capable of understanding the logic of elementary economics. They clung to the balanced-budget doctrine not because they did not understand the theory of deficit spending but because they wanted to limit the role of government. Mr. Stein gives due credit to the CED, of which he was the distinguished research director for many years, for inventing the rule that the budget should be balanced not all the time, but only in times of full employment. This was a happy compromise between tradition and economic logic.

Fourth, the increasing acceptance of deficits has swung the economic problem from unemployment to inflation. Governments, even including that of the U.S., have used, or abused, their new freedom to run deficits when they are not appropriate. This can be described as going from the fire into the frying pan. Inflation is more endurable than mass unemployment. No one has yet discovered how to maintain full employment and price stability at the same time.

Fifth, Mr. Stein makes clear that President Hoover did not entirely deserve the aspersions of a generation of Democratic oratory. He raised taxes and tightened money in order to preserve the sacred exchange rate. Mr. Roosevelt had a serious lapse from rectitude in 1933, when he devalued the dollar. But since then, every President has been prepared to subordinate other national interests to the exchange rate and the price of gold.

Sixth, the Great Tax Reduction of 1964 resulted from a brilliant political maneuver by the Kennedy Administration in 1962. With its freedom from ideology, the Administration realized that a happy union of conservative interests and full-employment enthusiasts could be achieved by increasing deficits through tax reduction. Neither side had cogent objections, since the major interest of each was being served. But the common man was uneasy, and the tax reduction was not accomplished without a struggle.

Finally, one should be aware of the uncertainties of the future, and still more of the probabilities. The Johnson Administration proclaimed that the 1964 tax reduction could be permanent. But almost as soon as it came into effect the Vietnam War began to escalate, and the need for new taxes became apparent. Had the tax reduction not occurred we might have suffered some interim unemployment, but the state of the Union would have been much healthier today. The triumph of economic logic was a serious practical mistake.

After reading Mr. Stein's account I am confirmed in my belief that the fiscal revolution has eliminated mass unemployment as a national economic problem. But a price has been paid in terms of inflation, which in turn reacts on the balance-of-payments. I wish Mr. Stein and his colleagues in the Administration the best of luck in grappling with those problems.

Arthur Smithies

Arthur Smithies is a member of the Department of Economics at Harvard.

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Reviewing Stand

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

"Please, please don't reveal the ending," one letter begs. Another: "Why don't you write longer reviews?" All reviewers have heard people complain about omissions, about reporting too much plot, too little, about assigned reading levels, about reviewers being too flippant or too serious.

What is the role of the reviewer? What does one need to know and say? Are there trends emerging? What's the state of children's book reviewing today? More books are published today than a century ago, yet Richard Darling points out in *The Rise of Children's Book Reviewing in America 1865-1881* (Bowker, $8.75) that every periodical of importance in that period took some responsibility for children's literature: the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, and *The Nation*, for example. "Today the reviewing of children's books is left to the periodicals published for libraries, to the Sunday supplements of a few metropolitan newspapers, and to the occasional pre-Christmas issues of a few other magazines." He goes on to point out that a contemporary periodical devoted to children's literature "does no more books than did *Literary World*, which included children's literature as a part of all literature."

To be sure, there are many professional journals, but the general reader seldom sees them. So those of us who review for magazines and newspapers have a special responsibility; we must take our work very seriously indeed but must be careful not to take ourselves too seriously.

One correspondent deplored the fact that children's books are reviewed in a separate section. Isn't children's literature a part of all literature? Yes, it is, and the fact that the National Book Committee has included an award for a children's book is a recognition of such inclusion, but it seems to me that there is no less reason to separate children's book reviews from others than there is to have separate sections for travel or music. It's a special audience. Lillian Smith, in *The Unreluctant Years* (American Library Assn., $4.50; paperbound, Viking Compass, $1.50), says, "The critic in writing his review is concerned with bringing the book to the particular public for which it will hold interest. . . . To tolerate the mediocre and commonplace is to misunderstand the purpose of book selection and the significance of literature."

A great amount of publication today that is reviewed and purchased, and read by children, isn't literature. Because so much of the market for children's books is libraries and because trade books are increasingly used as adjuncts to curricular materials, many a useful but pedestrian title gets perhaps too much attention. Other books are kindly reviewed because they fill contemporary needs: books for the disadvantaged, books on space (we'll have a new flood now), books about black children. Yes, they are wanted, and people should be told about them —but let's make sure that we mention their limitations while we are pointing out their merits.

One of the major responsibilities a reviewer has, in fact, is to maintain flexibility while adhering to standards. It isn't as important to know that he thinks a book is good or bad as to know *why* it is either. One may be amused by rapturous comments or barbs, but they aren't informative. The reader isn't as interested in the reviewer as he is in the book, and those of us who write reviews must remember that there is a difference between the analytical assessment of a review and the subjective and intellectual scrutiny of literary criticism.

If a child misses a good book at the right age, he may miss it forever. We who are intermediaries between the child and the book must exert ourselves to do more, to choose the best, to be as informed and as objective as we can. Being objective is not easy when one has a strong conviction, but if I've any stand on reviewing it is that one should try to give opinions without being opinionated.

Lora, Lorita. *By Anico Surany. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Putnam.* 44 *pp.* $3.95. Shopping with his mother, Miguelito saw the lora, a thin and tattered parrot that was for sale at little cost because she was too stupid to talk. To Miguelito she was beautiful, and he coaxed his mother into buying her. The lora grew plump and sleek; with her owner's patient and loving training she learned to talk. Alas, once started she never stopped; the neighbors complained so much that Miguelito had to find a new home for her. The story is fairly placid, but the pages erupt with color; the bold and vigorous lines that are so typical of Leonard Fisher are paired with violent hues that are just right for the Colombian scene. Ages 5-8.

Best Friends for Frances. *By Russell Hoban. Illustrated by Lillian Hoban. Harper & Row.* 31 *pp.* $2.95. Frances, badger-extraordinary, establishes a new high in her sibling and peer relationships. Miffed because her friend Albert will not let her join a boys' ball game, Frances strikes back. She packs a substantial picnic lunch, well aware that Albert will notice, permits her forlorn younger sister, Gloria, to join the party and marches off bearing a sign that says, "Best Friends Outing—No Boys." Albert pleads, Frances condescends, and they have a gourmet bash followed by baseball for three. If the illustrations capture the quality of the ingenious and beguiling heroine, the story captures the very essence of children and their shifting, frankly egocentric, relationships. Ages 5-8.

—*From "The Toymaker's Daughter."*

What Happens When You Go to the Hospital. *Story and photographs by Arthur Shay. Reilly & Lee.* 31 *pp.* $3.50. Karen Mitchell really did go to the hospital and have her tonsils taken out, and Arthur Shay really was allowed to come too and follow her progress with a camera. Karen, (cute, black, self-conscious when she isn't too nervous to notice the camera) learns the admitting routine, giggles at the hospital gown, quails at the X-ray machine, parts tearfully from her parents—and wakes the next morning to the fact that the operation is over. The book gives all the needed information but no more; it is matter-of-fact and cheerful without hiding any of the minor discomforts, and it lacks the sweetly sympathetic note with which some hospital books strike terror into the hearts of the discerning young. For reading to younger children as well as for ages 7-10.

When Carlos Closed the Street. *By Peggy Mann. Illustrated by Peter Burchard. Coward-McCann.* 71 *pp.* $3.86. Carlos lives in a neighborhood where there is a sharp demarcation between gang territories, and the only place the gangs have to play is the street. One side of the fire hydrant, the Young Kings; the other, the Spanish Angels. Negro *vs.* Puerto Rican. It is one of the Kings who suggests a stickball game, but it is Carlos who is inspired by the thought that they might close off the

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street and sell tickets. He finds that he must go through channels, and thus discovers that the police are not always enemies and that West 94th Street has a community spirit. Although the end of the story is heavily permeated with *gemütlichkeit*, the book gives a realistic and cheerful picture of an urban neighborhood, and has a positive attitude toward the solubility of its problems. Ages 8-10.

This Is Washington, D.C. *Written and illustrated by Miroslav Sasek. Macmillan.* 60 *pp.* $3.95. Imposing buildings, museum exhibits, historical relics, statues galore and a smattering of citizens are included on this unsentimental journey to our Capital. Sasek takes a quick look at some famous edifices, lingers longer at others; he tosses in a bit of history and spices his descriptions with humor, but the chief lure, as always, is in his illustrations. The buildings are drawn with photographic precision, and the page layout and use of color are skilled. Painlessly informative, occasionally digressive, but always entertaining. Ages 8-11.

The Mystery of Stonehenge. *By Franklyn M. Branley. Illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus. Crowell.* 52 *pp.* $3.95. One of the great puzzles of prehistory is discussed by an American astronomer in a book that combines scientific detachment about the facts concerning Stonehenge with a sense of awe about the achievement that it was. Franklyn M. Branley describes the methods that may have been used to prepare, transport, and erect the huge stones of the circle; he presents several theories about the purpose (or purposes) of the monument and about its builders. Particularly interesting is the work of Gerald Hawkins, who used computerized data to establish his theory that Stonehenge was an astronomical laboratory that made it possible for primitive men to predict eclipses and seasonal shifts. Ages 9-11.

The Toymaker's Daughter. *By Ursula Moray Williams. Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. Meredith.* 134 *pp.* $3.95. Was it a lamb that the eagles had dropped as they flew over the mountain? Niclo and Danny, running to the rescue, found a beautiful little girl who seemed curiously glad to be with them. Marta invented one reason after another for not returning home, and finally told Niclo that she was not a real girl but a doll made by the evil genius Malkin, the Black Toymaker of Drussl. Niclo wants to keep Marta's secret, but it is hard to explain magic; and mischief and magic are too much fun for the doll-child to resist. The end of the story is just as dramatic as the beginning: the time and place are vague, but the attractive illustrations show period costume and European scenery. The characters live and breathe, both real and doll-girl being made of spice as well as sugar. There is a note of pathos in Marta's longing for a heart and a note of malediction in Malkin's determined efforts to make her return. The whole is concocted with artistry. Ages 9-11.

Window Into an Egg: Seeing Life Begin. *By Geraldine Lux Flanagan. Illustrated with photographs. Scott.* 72 *pp.* $5.95. Visible through a glass insert, the fertilized ovum of a chicken divides, divides again, takes amorphous shape, and then—perennial marvel—is recognizably a fetus. The superb photographs, many of them magnified, show each detail of development: the first beating of the tiny heart, the net of blood vessels that sustain life, the dark mass that will be a brain, and the movements of the unborn chick within the egg. The writing is careful and clear, although at the beginning of the book there is a self-conscious note of establishing communication ("You can think of the egg as a package.") when the author discusses eggs of all animal life. Accurate and informative, this is a really exciting science book. Ages 9-11.

The Story of Eleanor Roosevelt. *By Margaret Davidson. Four Winds Press.* 157 *pp.* $3.75. "Little Nell," her adored and adoring father called her, but small Eleanor Roosevelt knew that her mother was disappointed in her, the plain child in a family of beautiful women. Early orphaned, Eleanor was sent to live with a rigid and old-fashioned grandmother; small wonder that the girl was dazzled when her handsome cousin Franklin seemed interested in her. Little in Eleanor Roosevelt's early life prepared her for the pressures and publicity of her later years; how she emerged into a strong, courageous, and active woman is superbly portrayed by the author. The book is permeated with affection rather than adulation, the writing style is easy and flowing, and a consistent proportion is maintained between major events and minor incidents in the lives of the Roosevelts. Ages 9-12.

The House of the Four Winds. *By Colette Vivier. Translated and edited by Miriam Morton. Doubleday.* 190 *pp.* $3.50. What was it really like in Paris during the German occupation? The House of the Four Winds is an apartment building in which live two elderly, timid sisters; a Jewish family that has changed its name; a young dandy; a small girl whose brother is a resistance worker; Michel, whose father is a German prisoner, and a family of collaborators, detested by the others. Burning to join the underground, Michel gets his chance when the resistance worker has to hide from the Nazis. All of the tenants in the building become involved in a small way with the struggle that is almost over. Vividly written and skillfully translated, this is a tremendously effective picture of ordinary Parisians behaving with the extraordinary courage that crisis and patriotism can elicit. Ages 10-12.

Black Misery. *By Langston Hughes. Illustrated by Arouni. Eriksson.* 62 *pp.* $2.50. Just before he died, Langston Hughes wrote the captions to a compilation of sketches that reflect a black child's discomfiture. Some of the comments are universal ("Misery is when Uncle Joe gave you a button-up sweater and you wanted a slipover that bunches at the bottom.") but most are concerned with the rebuffs suffered by Negro children. "Misery is when the taxi cab won't stop for your mother and she says a bad word." "Misery is when you start to help an old white lady across the street and she thinks you're trying to snatch her purse." "Misery is when you start to play a game and someone begins to count out 'Eenie, meenie, minie, mo . . .'" Some of the material has a wry humor, some is bitter, all of it is blunt. Ages 10-13.

Annie Annie. *By Molly Cone. Illustrated by Marvin Friedman. Houghton Mifflin.* 112 *pp.* $3.50. Most teen-agers wish their parents would give them more freedom, but Annie's cross was that her parents gave her too much. She was left to make her own decisions, she was the only one who liked schedules and rules, and she

(*Continued on page* 59)

—From "Black Misery."

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Negro Militancy

THE URBAN GUERRILLA

by Martin Oppenheimer
Quadrangle, 188 pp., $5.50

REVOLUTIONARY NOTES

by Julius Lester
Baron, 198 pp., $5.95

THE COMING OF THE BLACK MAN

by Benjamin Scott
Beacon, 82 pp., $3.95

EVER SINCE WORLD WAR II increasing numbers of blacks have come to question the ability of the established political system to meet the Negro's desire to share the benefits of the most productive society on earth. The growing black nationalist form of expressing this doubt has its origins in the Garvey Movement of the 1920s. Officially called the Universal Negro Improvement Association, the Marcus Garvey group voiced no hope that white America would accept the Negro on equal terms; instead they proposed the return of black Americans to Africa. The actual supporters of the Garvey Movement probably never amounted to more than 100,000, but the organization's program of self-uplift within the framework of a black-controlled community or "nation" had influence far beyond the movement's supporters. During the 1930s and 1940s the ideas propagated by Garvey had a kind of subterranean existence, nursed by small black nationalist and quasi-religious sects, and barely kept alive for later resuscitation in the 1950s by groups like the Black Muslims.

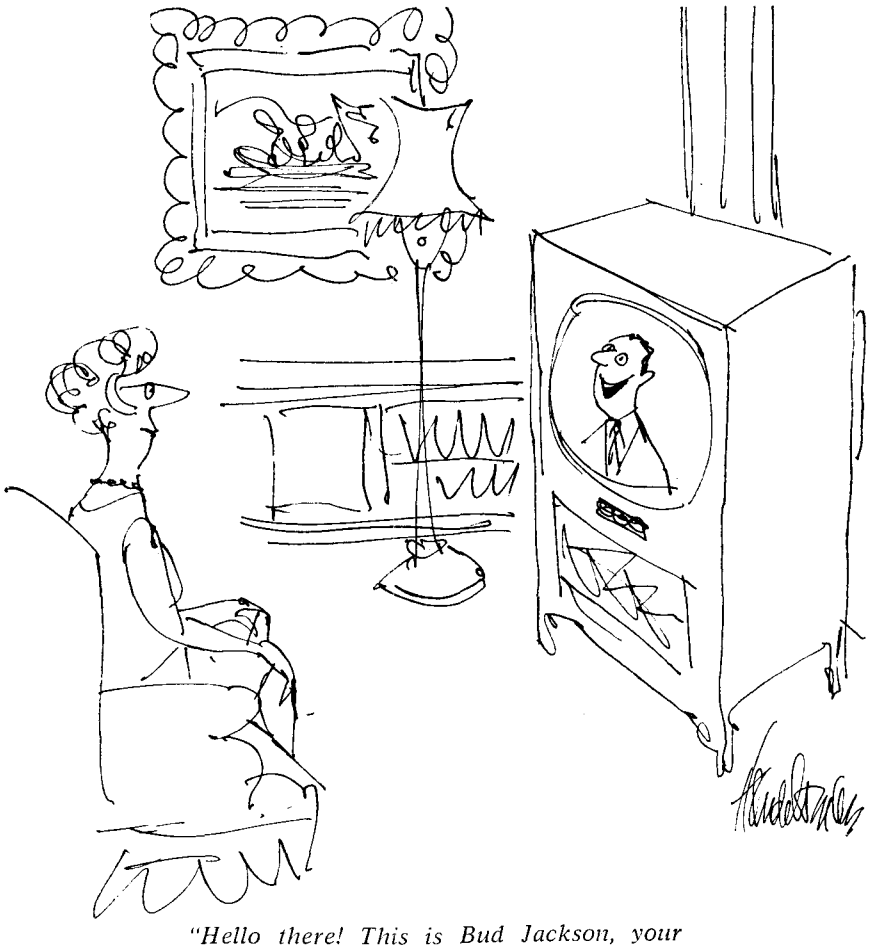
The Garvey Movement found initial support among the Negro lower middle class (*e.g.*, artisans, small contractors, grocers, etc.) and among a small segment of the stable black working class—especially female domestic workers. Curiously enough, the Negro middle class of the post-World War I era had already successfully adopted the principles of self-help that Marcus Garvey fashioned into a social movement. But unlike Garvey and his lower-middle-class followers, the black middle class never attempted to penetrate the Negro masses with these ideas. Instead, the middle class remained aloof from the lower classes, thereby creating a political vacuum which Garvey and his followers sought to fill.

Since the Second World War this process has assumed new and more complex dimensions. For one thing, a much larger segment of the lower middle class, particularly in urban areas, has recognized the political advantages to be derived from black nationalist activity. New elements among the Negro lower class have also seized upon black nationalism. In particular, there has emerged out of the lower class a leadership group I have characterized elsewhere as "para-intellectuals." Men like Malcolm X and Eldridge Cleaver are representative of them. They lack formal higher education but possess high native talent and are especially adept at verbal and other skills associated with cultural heroes within the Negro lower class such as con-men, numbers operators and the like. Contact with black nationalist ideas—through the Black Muslims in Malcolm X's case—has transformed such men into militant political leaders.

There are now innumerable militant black leaders of this sort, and their close ties with the most severely alienated segment of Negro society—the lower class—has increasingly transformed some of them into bona fide revolutionaries. Martin Oppenheimer's study, *The Urban Guerrilla*, places the kind of political alienation characteristic of these militant black leaders and their followers in the broader context of lower-class rebellions in other parts of the world and in other historical periods. His comparative description of the sources of mass alienation that produced peasant outbursts in medieval Europe and in nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Europe, as well as in the underdeveloped areas of Asia and Africa, is quite revealing. He also draws convincing parallels between these popular outbursts and the current riots or insurrections in black ghettoes. A pacifist by conviction, Mr. Oppenheimer is nonetheless sensitive to the situations causing alienated masses like deprived urban blacks to express their needs violently.

His main purpose is to caution American society that violence among the black lower classes might well assume more organized forms akin to guerrilla warfare employed against colonial régimes. This warning is given graphic reinforcement by his depiction of the course guerrilla-like warfare in black urban areas might take and the possible reaction of neighboring white communities and the federal government. Surely no one but a fool would disagree that such conflict must be averted, but I found Mr. Oppenheimer's discussion of how to do so rather disappointing.

He suggests that a major effort be made to co-opt Negro rebels into the



"Hello there! This is Bud Jackson, your host, welcoming you to your living room."

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established political machinery, but does little more than introduce the subject. Although he also believes that the American Left has a special contribution to make in adjusting alienated groups, black and white, to nonviolent political methods, again Mr. Oppenheimer does no more than introduce the issue. His view of co-optation is traditional, too static: he fails to make the point that any meaning-

ful co-optation of black rebellion must entail fundamental modification of the "rules of the game." This mode of co-optation has seldom been tried by established structures anywhere, and the best of American political skills and what remains of human decency will be required to realize it. It is in this context that Mr. Oppenheimer might have placed his interesting views of a special role for the political Left in helping American society face the underlying causes of black rebellion. Rightly influenced by Christopher Lasch, the most perceptive radical thinker on these matters, he is judiciously scornful of those radicals who believe that American society can be revolutionized through the barricades.

In this connection Julius Lester's collection of previously published articles, *Revolutionary Notes*, is of interest. Mr. Lester, a black radical who writes a weekly column for *The Guardian*, a rather orthodox radical weekly, is concerned throughout his book with the need to adjust American politics to rebellious demands. But his reasoning is, for the most part, so undisciplined and so uninformed about the nature of American politics that he has very little to offer.

For Mr. Lester any type of rebellion has political meaning and something to contribute. Yippies, he tells us, have politicized "thousands who cannot be politicized through facts, figures, or theories. The American ideology of revolution is evolving, and the yippies' contribution to that has not been small. It is the New Left ideologue who stands to lose by snobbishly ignoring the yippies, not the reverse." The kind of thinking that prevents Mr. Lester from recognizing that the yippies are not a political phenomenon and have nothing to contribute to a viable politics of the Left leads him to

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a dangerous position toward liberals. Presumably, if liberals took on some of the infantile rebellious qualities of the yippies Mr. Lester and other radicals of his ilk would welcome them. Otherwise, Mr. Lester has little time for liberals; indeed, they are the radical's arch enemy: "The liberal joins the conservative to deal with the radical."

That sort of Left-wing nonsense, which has its roots in the attitudes of European Communists toward Social Democrats in the 1930s, prevents Mr. Lester from advancing beyond self-indulgent rhetoric to political analysis. This is a pity because Mr. Lester's writing—though wanting in style—has a certain force, and if he understood the difference between rhetoric and analysis he could help the Left and liberals locate common ground.

Benjamin Scott's smallish book on Black Power, *The Coming of the Black Man,* is of little theoretical interest compared to those of Messrs. Oppenheimer and Lester. It is a rather pedestrian account of the sources of Black Power and an exhortation to Negroes to pursue Black Power as the best means to political salvation. Like other Negro writers on Black Power, the Reverend Scott, an activist within the Unitarian Universalist Association, writes as if the cluster of black nationalist ideas labeled "Black Power" are new to Negroes. The only novelty about these theories is that they exist in a new context: for the first time the Negro lower class is in motion, providing lower-middle-class and middle-class black nationalists an opportunity, hitherto unavailable, for mass leadership. If Mr. Scott had grasped this fact, he might have addressed his book to a more important matter: how Negro leadership could utilize black nationalist proposals to maximize the political (electoral) power implied in the Negro's growing numbers in urban areas. Until those who put themselves forth as Black Power leaders offer

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ON A SMALL SCALE

A group of characters who don't quite measure up are here described by their creators. Can you identify them from the list in Column 2? Can you name the author of the work in which each appears? Such is the challenge hurled by David A. Bernstein of Portland, Ore. Readers who don't quite measure up will have to turn to page 59.

1. He got up with an apologetic air, and stood almost four feet tall, his long sad face cradled in a hunch as high as his head. ( )
2. She comes in shape no bigger than an agate-stone on the forefinger of an alderman. ( )
3. She . . . went to the table . . . and found that as near as she could guess she was now two feet high. ( )
4. She was dainty and fair to see, but . . . no taller than your thumb ( )
5. An elderly gentleman . . . so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. ( )
6. I perceived it to be a human Creature not six inches high, with a Bow and Arrow in his Hands. ( )
7. [He was of] a little people, smaller than dwarves . . . ranging between two and four feet of our measure. ( )
8. It is true that my body is among the smaller works of God. ( )

a) Alice	A) Hans C. Andersen
b) Daniel Quilp	B) Walter de la Mare
c) Frodo Baggins	C) Charles Dickens
d) Karl Klocken	D) C. L. Dodgson
e) A Lilliputian	E) Katherine Anne Porter
f) Miss M.	F) W. Shakespeare
g) Queen Mab	G) J. Swift
h) Thumbelina	H) J. R. R. Tolkien

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practical guidance on this crucial issue, their talk about Black Power will remain just so much *talk*.

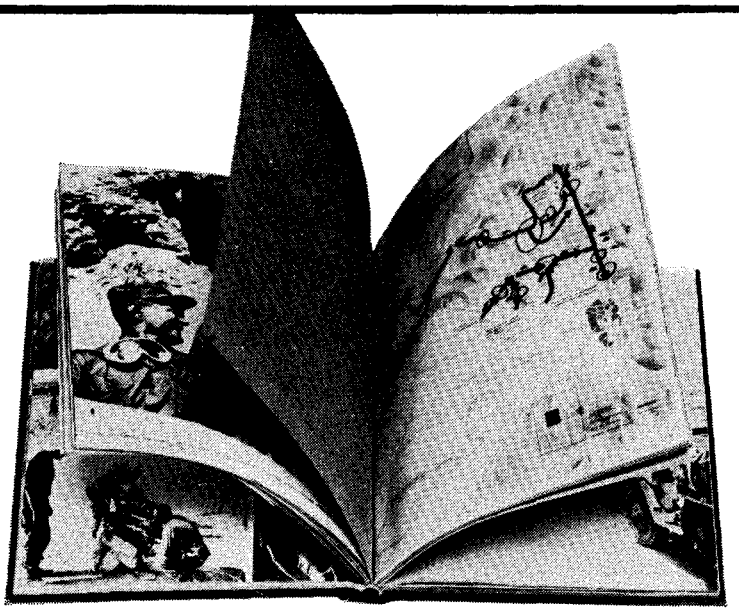
Mr. Scott contributes nothing new to this talk. He supports Negro control of institutions that service black communities and asserts, but hardly demonstrates, that such control constitutes the most effective means for greater modernization or betterment of conditions for the typical Negro. Centering his argument on education, he demands black control of all education in black communities. I did not find Mr. Scott's argument persuasive, and remain of the opinion that the level of education that will allow Negroes to penetrate top echelons of power and influence in American society can be best achieved through integrated schools, where black children benefit from competition and intellectual cross-fertilization with their white peers.

The Reverend Scott's claim that "centralized control of the schools will always be impersonal and unresponsive to local needs and aspirations" can hardly be accepted at face value, and his view of how to achieve the desired form of community control struck me as bizarre. He proposes that the government provide tuition for each pupil and that parents decide what school their children should attend. This approximates a prescription for educational chaos, and certainly for giving sway to parochial prejudices within the educational system on a scale hitherto unknown.

Finally, his view of the kind of whites desired as allies of black nationalists is, I think, pathetic. Such whites are described by the Reverend Scott as "that breed of white cat who will keep his mouth shut while black people arrive at their own conclusions, and who will accept those conclusions even if he doesn't agree, because he knows his thought processes may be wrong for black people." No doubt some whites would gladly enter this masochistic relationship to black nationalists, and there are surely many black nationalists—including presumably the Reverend Scott—who, for whatever psychological reasons, can relate solely to whites of this sort. But such a relationship can only be described as "sick," and if the Reverend Scott and other black nationalists believe that it is any better than the vulgar and decadent race relations of the past, they should be asked to think again.

Martin Kilson

Martin Kilson, who is professor of government at Harvard, wrote "Political Change in a West African State."



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The Cognoscenti Abroad—VII: Carl Foreman's London

BACK IN THE early Fifties Carl Foreman fought McCarthyism toe to toe. Bloodied and blacklisted he left Hollywood, moved to London, married an English girl, and sired a British-born son and daughter. He has since become president of the Writers' Guild of Great Britain, a governor of the British Film Institute, and a member of the government's committee to establish a national school of cinema—recognition never before accorded an American. His films *The Key*, *The Victors*, *Born Free*, and *The Guns of Navarone* have each been honored by royal performances.

"London is show biz with a tourist twist," Foreman told me one day at Shepperton Studio. "The Changing of the Guard is the biggest box office in England. The British Travel Association estimates it's the one attraction 92 per cent of tourists come to see. But doing London is like making a movie. You can't rely on long shots of toy soldiers trooping the color on the Horse Guards Parade or standing in a sentry box outside Buckingham Palace. To dig London you've got to turn those soldiers into people. You've got to pan in—or dolly in as we say here."

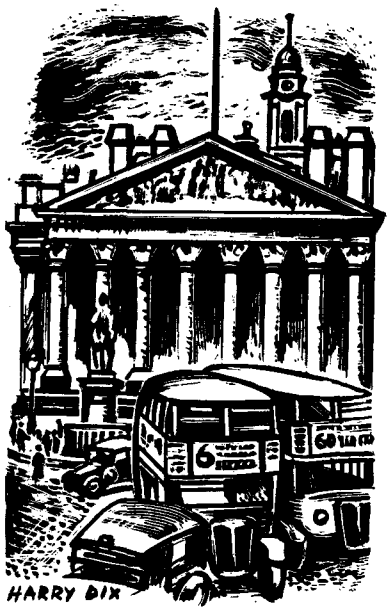
We dollied in to the Guard House in Whitehall and met Corporal Stanley Jamison, thirty-three, born in Penrith, Cumberland, the father of two children, and a Guardsman for fifteen years. Jamison seemed smaller in his shirtsleeves than he had outside, mounted, in helmet and cuirass. He sipped a pint of bitter from the canteen beside the stable door. "The Horse Guards," he said, "isn't a half-bad way to turn a shilling. Actually, my pay is £10 a week, including £4 for rank, longevity, and my marriage allowance. The work's easy except when there's a war"—he fought in Malaya—"or when Commies come down from demonstrations in Trafalgar Square to frighten the horses with firecrackers. When they do, our orders are to move inside, close the gates, and call the police. It's galling to a Guardsman to turn his back on a battle."

Jamison reflected on other tribulations. "In summer the sun heats your helmet into an oven and bakes your brains; in winter the blood freezes in your feet and fingers. But we can take the weather. What it's sometimes hard to take is the Yanks. They drive up in taxis, unload expensive cameras, explode flashbulbs in the horse's face, scratch our boots with their fingernails and complain they're plastic. Plastic! It costs the Queen £1,000 to fit out and mount a single soldier, including genuine patent leather boots!

"But it's the American ladies that almost drive a man to mutiny. They chat us up, ask our names and telephone numbers, and stuff boiled sweets and cigarettes inside our boots. Makes an awful bloody mess when it melts. But we like the Yanks. Without their jolly faces outside, guarding the Queen would be ruddy dull!"

Saturday mornings Foreman dollies in on Portobello Road. Sitting on the balcony above the Antiques Market, we surveyed the shops and arcades jammed with Jamaicans, Sikhs, Cypriots, Spaniards, and hippies clad in castoffs of Napoleonic quartermaster stores and Sadlers Wells wardrobes. "Crazy kids," said Foreman. "Happy kids. Free. Living together and fixing their pads with Victoriana, Edwardiana, Art Nouveau. For the cost of a cup of coffee and a Cornish pasty, pure De Mille spectacle plus a first-class plot!"

Foreman noticed several Frenchmen in the crowd. "Over a hundred years ago, after the French Revolution, the Republican government emptied the royal palaces of some of the highest taste in eighteenth-century France and auctioned it off to pay the troops. Furniture, porcelains, the finest Flemish, French, and Spanish paintings were sold for a few sous. Even a staircase from Louis XIV's Palais Mazarin was sold as scrap. An Englishman, the Marquess of Hertford, bid on some of the best and shipped it back to London. Now the French fly in every Friday night for *le weekend anglais*, itching to retrieve those *objets d'art*. But they're in the wrong place. The loot isn't in Portobello Road. It's in Hertford House, not far from where I live."



Foreman has a large maisonette overlooking Hyde Park. We stopped by to admire his Portobello bargain—a marble-topped sideboard ("something between Regency and Victorian") he'd picked up at Snow's for £60. "Friends from the States have offered me ten times what I paid." There were also Picassos, Mondrians, and Klees from the Grosvenor Gallery, one of two London dealers Foreman knows well. The other, the Ohana Gallery, was represented by some fine sculptures by Degas, Bonnard, and Reg Butler, and by several new classicists. "It's because I'm a collector that no museum in London turns me on like Hertford House."

Hertford House on Manchester Square was built as a shooting lodge in 1776, when the surrounding swamps offered the finest snipe shooting in middle England. Its Wallace collection —named after the Marquess's illegitimate son and heir—is the largest gift even given to a nation by a private donor. Admiration vied with anguish as Foreman pointed to the dazzling treasures on the walls. "That Rembrandt portrait of his son Titus is matched only by the one Norton Simon bought in 1965 for 760,000 guineas. Hertford picked this up for a pittance. Titian's *Perseus and Andromeda* was auctioned off in 1815 for £362. Here's one of Rubens's greatest, *The Rainbow Landscape*, knocked down for under $25,000 a hundred years ago. Today not even Onassis could touch it. *The Laughing Cavalier* by Hals should be retitled. Actually the subject is sneering at the price he brought in Paris in 1865, a paltry 50,000 francs." Foreman moved gingerly from canvas to canvas until he stopped before a Gainsborough entitled *Mrs. Robinson*. "Salute the pre-*Graduate* original," he said, "an actress who played Perdita in Shakespeare's *A Winter's Tale* and became the mistress of the Prince of Wales. Perdita did better than Anne Bancroft with Dustin Hoffman."

We lunched at the Victoria, a tavern on Strathearn Place around the corner from Foreman's maisonette. Upstairs the bar is fitted out with furniture salvaged from the old Gaiety Theatre in the Strand, demolished in 1903. "The English," said Foreman, "have a special feeling for fine old things. But sometimes they can go too far. Below

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in the basement is a restaurant named Our Mutual Friend, after Dickens's last novel. Dickens lived on Strathearn Place, and they've reproduced the London of his day down to a tape of street noises—hoofbeats, carriage wheels, a flower seller's cries. Don't ask where they got the tape. I go there only to post my mail. The restaurant has a nineteenth-century postbox into which customers can drop a letter with a penny stamp. The difference is paid by Our Mutual Friend."

London theater, Foreman insists, is far from dead. "In spite of what some critics say the invalid keeps getting up, does twenty handstands, and lies down again; but it still has life. So we'll get a lot of naked people for a while now that censorship is lifted and *Hair* is here. Who cares? To me it's enough to go to the Haymarket regardless of what's playing and lean outside against the pillars on a moonlit night. Or to walk around Covent Garden during intermission reading the labels on the crates. Oranges from Israel. Onions from Italy. Grapes from Spain. It's a lesson in what's wrong—or right—with Britain's balance of payments. And don't miss the Old Vic. Granted, sitting in the stalls you smell the cellar and it stinks. I keep thinking if it smelled good enough for Sarah Siddons, David Garrick, Max Beerbohm, and Bernard Shaw, it smells good enough for me."

Foreman feels that London offers the world's best film fare at the National Film Theater. An adjunct of the British Film Institute of which he is a governor, the theater is built within the Lambeth pier of Waterloo Bridge near the Royal Festival Hall—"the poor man's Lincoln Center." Foreman noted, "It is probably the only theater in the world that can be entered by a manhole and that has ten bus lines passing overhead. Its great distinction, however, is an unsurpassed repertory of 600 feature films and 300 shorts, representing every part of the world. Because it is registered as a 'private film club,' it's entirely uncensored. All an American has to do is show his passport and he gets a two-week membership almost free."

To Foreman, "London has something for everybody. For a psychiatrist, Bedlam disguised as the Imperial War Museum. For a lawyer, Old Bailey and the Inns of Court. For the sex-starved, the Phoenix striptease on Old Compton Street. For a man who likes bagels and lox, Blumes. I'm a writer. The Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey grabs me most."

So we went. "There's always been a lot of opposition to literary types being buried in the Abbey. For years Keats and Shelley were thought to be off base, and had a hard time beating the blacklist. Byron never made it. Darwin got in by a squeak—his ideas raised eyebrows in important places. Chaucer is here not for what he wrote but because he belonged to the Establishment. He worked in Westminster as a clerk. And here's rare Ben Jonson. He had to buy his way in, but because he didn't have the cash for a full-length plot he's buried standing up."

Foreman's blue eyes glinted behind tortoise-shell glasses as he strode from tomb to tomb. "The story," he said, "has its happy side. Shakespeare, Sheridan, Dryden, Tennyson, Longfellow. Where else can you find such a club? Last year, John Masefield was admitted. They buried him with a prayer by Donne: 'Please God after we die may we go to a heaven where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling but one equal light; no noise nor silence but one equal music; no fears nor hopes but one equal possession; no ends nor beginnings but one equal eternity.' Lord, I'd like to end up in a place like that!"

Foreman keeps a small cottage on the Thames at Chertsey, and is commodore of a three-boat fleet including a 30-foot cabin cruiser called *Lady Eve* after his wife. "From Tilbury to Twickenham there's hardly a spot on the Royal River where I haven't shown my flag. Yet no voyage fails to turn a fresh page in history or produce a new surprise."

We followed the river to its mouth, and returning, anchored at Greenwich to lunch at the Trafalgar Tavern. Disraeli, Gladstone, and other ministers once came all the way from Westminster for the Trafalgar's whitebait dinners. After a houla-houla cocktail of Curaçao, orange juice, and gin we had Lancashire potpies, then wild strawberries in clotted cream. Afterward, we walked along the embankment south of the Naval College.

Near the stacks of the powerhouse that pumps electricity into London's subway system stands Trinity Hospital, a seventeenth-century almshouse inhabited by twenty-one superannuated male residents of Greenwich who are eligible, with incomes below £400, to live in as lovely a sanctuary as any in London. The warden's wife, Marjorie Brush, showed us the mulberry tree in the garden planted in 1618, the fifteenth-century Flemish glass in the chapel, the paneled court where each June the Mercer's Guild, which supervises the almshouse, takes tea with the Poor Men and hears their complaints.

"Complaints indeed!" a Poor Man

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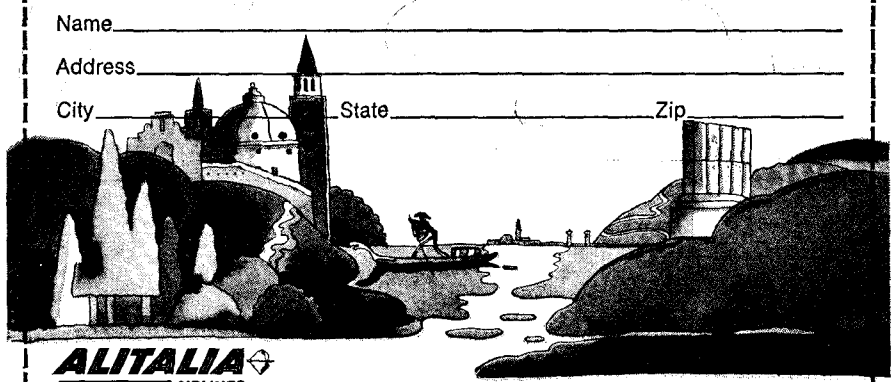

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laughed. "In eighty years I've never been so happy!" He took us to his suite —living room, bedroom, kitchen, and bath, plus a view of the river—and to the Common Room equipped with darts and television. Foreman pointed out a plaque beside the door: "Poor Men," it read, "are forbidden from going either to Taverns or Alehouses or any House where tobacco or Hot Waters [spirits] are sold or any infamous place whereby scandal may grow to the House." "Humbug," the octogenarian cackled. Mrs. Brush added, "You've got to change with the times."

On Sunday Foreman had a choice of playing softball with the American movie colony or going to Hyde Park with his three-year-old Jonathan and three-month-old Amanda. "Who needs the Charley horse and nostalgia?" Carl asked, wheeling Amanda to the Serpentine to feed the ducks. After flying Jonathan's toy helicopter, we went to Marble Arch and waited out a traffic light at the juncture of Bayswater and Edgeware Roads, where 200 years ago Tyburn Tree towered.

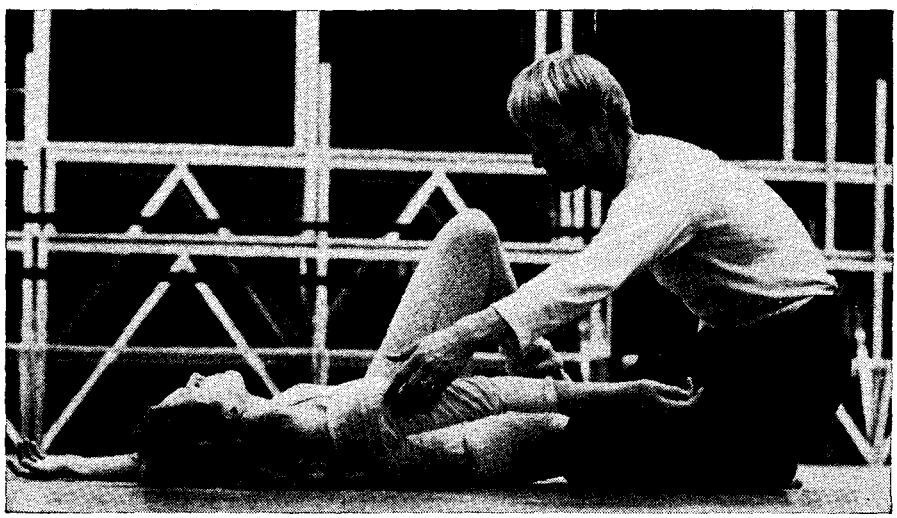
"Here," said Foreman, "is where the McCarthys of that day brought convicts from Newgate Prison to be publicly hanged, drawn, and quartered. In 1661, Cromwell's body was gibbeted here, then beheaded and buried beneath the gallows which stood where that fountain flows."

Lifting Jonathan to his shoulders, Foreman mingled with the crowd in Speakers' Corner. We listened for a while, and Foreman said, "That's London. It's Chicago's Bughouse Square before Mayor Daley. It's Eugene Debs and Morris Hillquit haranguing the mob in New York's Union Square. It's the Statue of Liberty in spades. It's a writer's town devoted to small neurotic lonely sensitive insecure idiots like me. It's mama saying, 'All right, sonny, so go ahead and be a writer, don't be afraid.' It's the Irish carrying on. Blacks attacking whites outrageously to tearful laughter. Someone saying 'The royal family has to go, it's costing the country too much money.' It's Jenny Lee, the Minister for the Arts, knocking the Russians and cheering the Czechs. It's Foreman, fifty-two and too old to be marching in demonstrations, hiking from Hyde Park to Trafalgar Square holding up a sign saying, 'To Hell with Apartheid.' It's bobbies ahead of me, behind me, beside me, working overtime because it's Sunday, but smiling as if they *liked* to defend my right to march. The police here give me an ineffable feeling of security. It's a wonderful feeling. I know. I was on the other side of the situation."

—ARTHUR GOODFRIEND.

World of Dance

Walter Terry



Niklas Ek, with Inge Jensen, rehearsing for the Swedish TV dance-drama "Bikt" ("Confession")—"brilliantly directed, and superbly performed."

STOCKHOLM.

SWEDEN, like other European countries, cherishes its theatrical traditions while, at the same time, adventuring into the newest of entertainment media, television. So it is possible here to see a Gluck opera done in the Royal Court Theater of Drottningholm, built in the 1700s, or restorations of court ballets that amused monarchs centuries ago. It is also possible to see dance brilliantly designed for the television screen.

One of the TV dance shows I have seen is a thirty-minute creation called *Bikt*, which means "Confession." It is produced by the Swedish Broadcasting Corporation and directed by Lars Egler, with choreography by a Dane, Eske Holm, to a score from his brother, Mogens Winkler Holm. A Swedish father-son team—Anders Ek, the actor, and Niklas Ek, the dancer—are the male leads in the cast. Interestingly enough, Mrs. Anders Ek, mother of Niklas, is the internationally famous choreographer, Birgit Cullberg. (Her works *Miss Julie*, *Moon Reindeer*, *Medea*, and *Lady from the Sea* are best known to American audiences.)

In *Bikt*, Niklas plays the hero, the youth who is the focal figure, the protagonist of the line from Thomas Mann's *Dr. Faustus*, "to love just one woman," on which this danced play is based. Anders Ek is the chief monk; Inge Jensen, the lovely heroine; and the American dancer, Donya Feuer, the witch. These and the supporting members of the cast give stunning performances in a powerful work in which love and lust are juxtaposed, and sometimes confused; in which the formalities of the church, of both devout and evil application, are experienced side by side; in which sacerdotal compassion must do battle with the sadism of the bigot.

This is a real TV creation, not an adaptation of a stage work. There are closeups of hands, lips, legs, and loins. Body pressures, as well as the adventure of two bodies exploring each other, are magically captured by the camera. With these danced images are sounds, including gasps and moans of fear, desire, anticipation, and sexual climax. Further, we can hear through the textures of the music itself, the wetness of lips, the sliding of bodies, or, as in the scene of the burning at the stake, the clank of chains.

There is a fleeting glimpse of the female sex organ, there are scenes with the ravaged whores who make sex seem dirty in the eyes of the young man, and there is a passage in which other youths tempt him to experience the bisexual. But for the rest, this thirty-minute TV masterpiece centers upon young and idealized love, upon beautiful faces and beautiful limbs, upon such a simple thing as toes stretching in ecstasy, upon lips and hands seeking and finding. And threaded through this portrait of innocence finding experience is the dark line of bigotry. The witch and the girl die together; the dream is destroyed; but a purgative remorse is suggested, faintly promising hope for other lovers, for other innocents.

Bikt, brilliantly directed, superbly performed, and with striking settings,

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is not only a remarkable example of purely cinematic dance which would appeal to dance followers everywhere, but stunning TV fare for those who know that it is possible to be creative, imaginative, daring, and entertaining in the newest mass medium of communication. I wish one of the major American television networks would import it. It just might win an Emmy; be that as it may, I promise it would win a discerning public.

COPENHAGEN.

A TOTALLY DIFFERENT type of dance show on television, which also deserves to be seen in America, is a TV adaptation of Harald Lander's dazzling abstract ballet *Etudes* (music by Riisager on themes of Czerny), a popular ballet in the repertories of the Paris Opera Ballet, the Royal Danish Ballet, and the American Ballet Theatre.

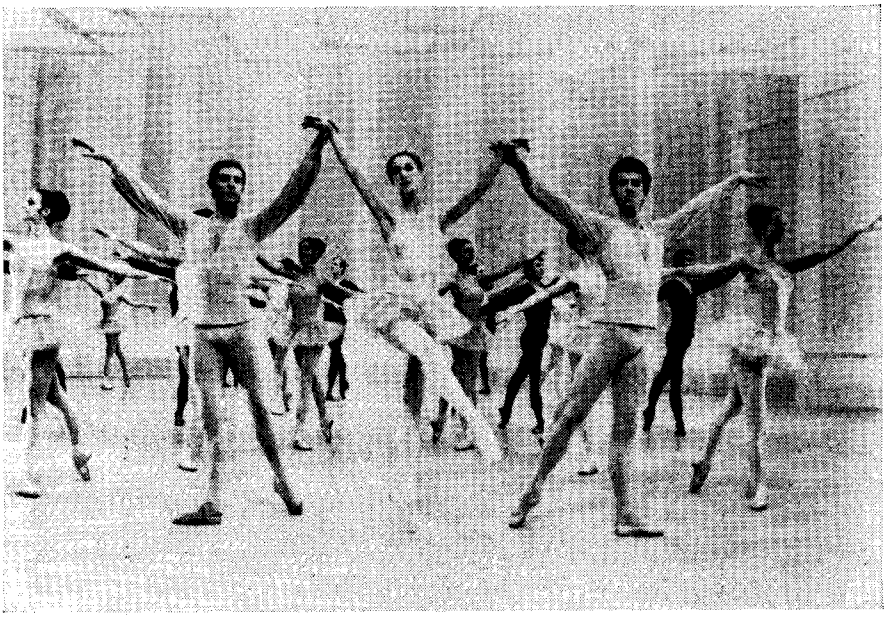
Etudes requires a large company of faultlessly trained dancers—stars, soloists, and a corps of men and women who must be technically close to star status—for this is a work that begins with a *plié* (the "middle C" of dancing) and that moves with cumulative, skillfully plotted excitement to gorgeous explosions of virtuosity—spins, leaps, turns, tosses, hurtles. On stage, most of these actions are conceived horizontally. For TV, the broad horizontal is the kiss of death, for dance figures become a row of undistinguishable midgets. Radio Denmark, the official TV and radio broadcasting corporation in the kingdom, transformed horizontals into verticals without violating Lander's choreography. So we have depth and not flatness. Diagonals, which Lander uses on stage, are also exploited cinematically, and these mass designs are expertly related, in both choreographic and musical terms, with closeups of wherever the core of the movement lies.

A first-rate Danish cast is headed by three internationally celebrated Danes: Toni Lander, prima ballerina of the American Ballet Theatre; Erik Bruhn, guest star of the American Ballet Theatre and director of the Royal Swedish Ballet; Flemming Flindt, the youthful director of the Royal Danish Ballet, and a dance favorite in Paris and other capitals. Henning Kronstam, one of the great *danseurs nobles* of our day, is an extra dividend in a *pas de deux* with Miss Lander.

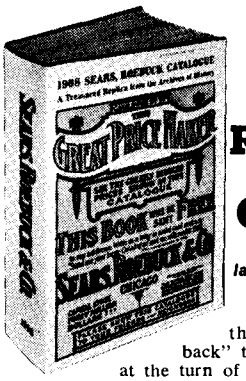
Here, too, is TV dance production of the highest order, and the U.S.A., now the dance capital of the world, should see it.

In earlier articles on the Royal Danish Ballet [WORLD OF DANCE, June 14 and June 21], I reported on the brilliant performing of the Royal Dancers during their annual festival at the Royal Theater. I also noted there were some items in the repertory, other than splendid stagings of the unique nineteenth-century ballets by the Danish August Bournonville, that were appallingly bad.

There has been much conjecture on when S. Hurok, the American impresario, would once again present the Royal Danish Ballet in America. The company's performance would be a smash, but the repertory, unless carefully screened, would be sheer disaster. Although Flemming Flindt has proved to be an excellent director and administrator—he is assisted by a first-rate staff in all departments of the



Harald Lander's popular stage ballet "Etudes," redesigned for TV. Erik Bruhn, Toni Lander, Flemming Flindt, and members of the Royal Danish Ballet—"TV dance production of the highest order."



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vast enterprise at the Royal Theater and School—he is an inferior choreographer. Ionesco's *The Lesson*, as made into a ballet by Flindt, is the exception.

Flindt's most glaring fault is bad taste. This is to be found not only in ballets of his own devising but, for example, in his new production of the four-act *Swan Lake*. The Hungarian dance has been turned into a vulgar, tenth-rate night-club act; the décor (Lars Bo) is cheap and offensive as it exploits the writhing, entwined, untwined necks of swans in the castle's arches and throne; Flindt's choreographic tamperings with the lovely ensemble patterns of Act II forestall the applause this section usually receives.

The Royal Danish Ballet has great dancers, some of the best ballet teachers in the world, a fine administrator (Flindt), and the remarkable Bournonville heritage, but it is in desperate need of a choreographer (*not* Flindt).

So if the Royal Danes are to make a foreign tour before their contemporary repertory is partly replaced, they would do well to concentrate on Bournonville in their lavish productions of his works (plus *Etudes*, for example) or, perhaps, send out a small unit of stars (the Bolshoi does this) in Bournonville highlights.

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The perennial question as to who was the greatest player ever to infuse life into the magical squares of the chessboard remains a matter of conjecture. Paul Morphy of New Orleans, first unofficial world champion, may be candidate No. 1, while titleholders Wilhelm Steinitz, Emanuel Lasker, Jose R. Capablanca, Dr. Alexander Alekhine, Dr. Max Euwe, and Mikhail Botvinnik may grace the roster. Who, however, will pit Morphy against Botvinnik—a good century apart—and elicit a realistic reply?

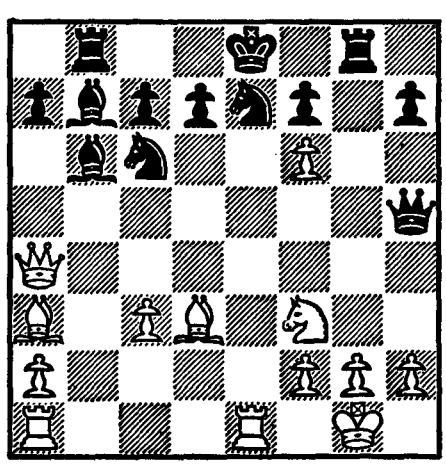
The game that evokes the greatest applause, on the contrary, lends itself to a more scientific approach. A brilliancy, according to French author Le Lionnais, can be measured by a yardstick. It should be correct, ingenious, and economical. A glittering brilliancy in five moves is less attractive than a commonplace crusher in four. The brilliancy should be perilous, exciting, spectacular, original, rich in depth, and contain diverse combinations. The over-the-board combinations should be implemented with concealed combinations in the notes. And the loser should have put up a goodly measure of resistance, while a logical coherence predominates the entire game.

The century-long Evergreen Game of 1852 marks it as premier candidate.

EVANS GAMBIT

A. Anderssen — J. Dufresne

	White	Black		White	Black
1	P-K4	P-K4	10	R-K1	KN-K2
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	11	B-R3	P-N4
3	B-B4	B-B4	12	QxP	R-QN1
4	P-QN4	BxNP	13	Q-R4	B-N3
5	P-B3	B-R4	14	QN-Q2	B-N2
6	P-Q4	PxP	15	N-K4	Q-B4
7	O-O	P-Q6	16	BxQP	Q-R4
8	Q-N3	Q-B3	17	N-B6ch	PxN
9	P-K5	Q-N3	18	PxP	R-N1



19	QR-Q1!!!	QxN	22	B-B5ch	K-K1
20	RxNch	NxR	23	B-Q7ch	K-Q1
21	QxPch	KxQ	24	BxN mate	

—Al Horowitz.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Intriguing Ladies

ONE MUST at least admire Twentieth Century-Fox's bravery in returning to Alexandria for *Justine*. The last time it ventured to that fabled city (for *Cleopatra*), the firm nearly sank to its destruction. On this occasion the expenditure has been far less, the events surrounding the making of the film far from earth-shaking. Oh, to be sure, one director, Joseph Strick, began the shooting in Tunis (a city, it was decided, that resembled Lawrence Durrell's Alexandria much more than the actual city) and was either pulled off the production or resigned from it, with George Cukor being mobilized in his stead. And there seem to have been innumerable scripts before Lawrence Marcus came up with what the company describes as "a workable approach." Workable, perhaps, in that *Justine* now resembles a lot of other not very good movies.

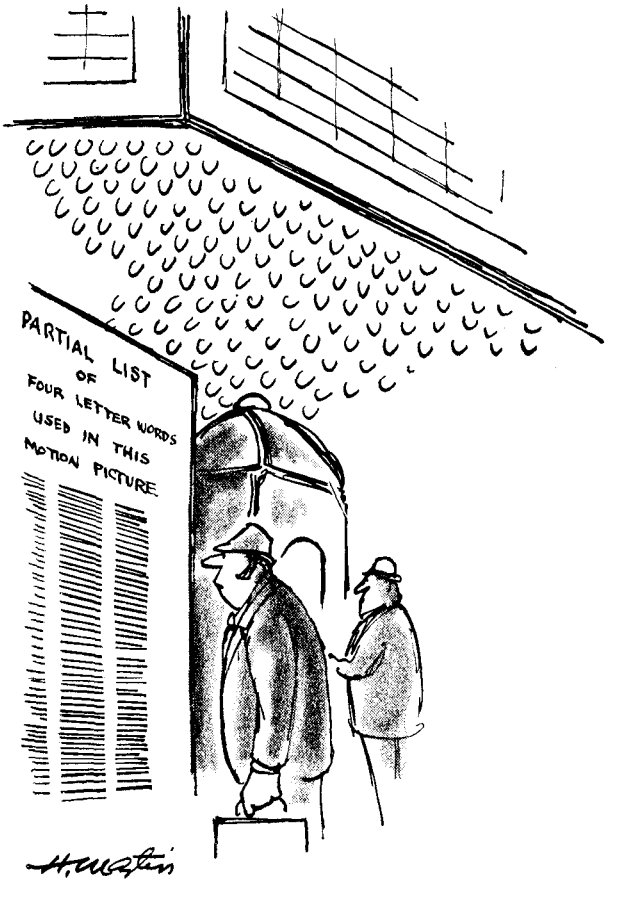
This is not to say that it is bad, that it doesn't have its moments of interest, now and then the pleasures of good acting. Cukor, after all, is a pro. It's merely that you can't get excited about it. Many of the people of Durrell's thousand-page "Alexandria Quartet" pass before our eyes. But what has essentially happened is a boiling-down process. The thousand pages have been thoroughly boiled and colandered, and what we find left in the strainer are some bones of plot, mundane mysteries, and a good deal of sedimentation. I do not mean to be disrespectful when I say that it reminds me of *Bhowani Junction* in Egypt; it has that Fifties-ish quality. In fact, if the film had come along fifteen years ago, we might well have liked it more.

Yet, who could have resisted the temptation to make it? There is the intriguing Jewish-Coptic Justine, slinking from bed to bed, while her rich husband, Nessim, keeps a cryptic eye on her infidelities. There is Pursewarden, the British consular official, fascinatedly fearful of Justine while nursing an incestuous love for his sister. There are Darley the poet, Cohen the furrier, Mountolive the ambassador, and Pombal the Frenchman. But no Clea (space/time considerations, presumably), and Balthazar is so scanted, one hardly realizes he is in the cast. Somewhere on the cutting room floor, probably.

Surely, though, these are characters worthy of our attention, and just as surely the film fails to excite us precisely because it has been made workable, fitted into somewhat less than two neat hours, with every plot bone in place. There is a faintly sick odor of fear about the film: fear of Durrell's jeweled, atmospheric, evocative prose; fear that the audience will not understand or put up with Durrell's slow unwinding of mysteries, his refraction of incidents, acts, and events through several sensibilities. Oddly, there is a fear of the very things film can do so well with atmosphere and music. There were clues to treatment, it seems to me, in such films as *Last Year at Marienbad* and *8½*. Which is a way of saying that *Justine* might have been gorgeous and with every chance of being a commercial failure. But what a chance to take!

Of the actors, Anouk Aimée (Justine) was obviously to be preferred to Elizabeth Taylor or Kim Novak. (Even the writing of those names makes me shudder.) John Vernon gives Nessim an appropriate quality; Philippe Noiret is fine as Pombal. And best of all, after a series of dismal performances, is Anna Karina as Melissa. On the other hand, Michael York, as Darley, merely wanders around in a daze, and the usually competent Dirk Bogarde appears to be worrying about why he ever allowed himself to appear in the picture. He has so little to do that when he finally bites down on his poison capsule we can only wonder why he didn't apply for a different assignment. The music score, by the way, appears to be based on some hootchy-koochy themes once heard at Coney Island. But the dressmaking is excellent, particularly striking during the costume ball scene. Class assignment: see *Justine*, and then try and figure out how *you* would have made it.

THE FILM made from Françoise Sagan's *La Chamade* tries for less and achieves slightly more. It is a frail story of a pretty Parisienne (Catherine Deneuve) who leaves her rich, middle-aged lover for a young, handsome, idealistic reader in a publishing house. Love, after all, is to be preferred to mere luxury and comfort. Or is it? The wry twists given to the theme keep one's interest alive, and Paris is presented less as it is than as French movies and novels (Godard excepted) like to assume it is. The apartments are chic and tasteful, the cars are English and Italian, elegant guests listen to Mozart at parties. Miss Deneuve is very much at home in this atmosphere, as is Michel Piccoli, whose love never flickers, even after she tells him good-bye. But the film, as they say, is very French.



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Robert Lewis Shayon

Sounding the Alarm

A NEW BOOK by Herbert I. Schiller, *Mass Communications and American Empire*, is must reading for people who want to switch on the alarm signal that warns against the dangers of the military-industrial complex in the field of communications. In 1961, President Eisenhower said in his much-quoted farewell address: "Only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery of defense with our peaceful methods and goals, so that security and liberty may prosper together." Professor Schiller, of the University of Illinois, and editor of the *Quarterly Review of Economics and Business*, notes that citizens need true information to be alert to potential threats against their liberties. But then he asks: "What happens, however, if the military-industrial power enclave has grown up strongest in the informational apparatus itself? What may be expected, if the alarm system, so to speak, has been disconnected by those very elements it was designed to signal against?"

Schiller's independent, scholarly work is the first comprehensive examination of domestic and international mass communications structure and policy in the United States. The book documents the facts—drawing on industrial and governmental sources—about "the emerging imperial network of American economics and finance," and how it "utilizes the communications media for its defense and entrenchment . . . and for its expansion."

Most fascinating is the explanation of how the informational alarm system, implicit in President Eisenhower's warning against the military-industrial complex, came to be switched off. The military establishment first gains command of the nation's telecommunications policy. This is done under the necessities of the cold war emergency. Eventually "control over governmental users of the spectrum has been concentrated in the Office of the Secretary of Defense and in the Office of the Director of Telecommunications . . . a mobilization agency . . . administered by a former general officer in the Armed Services."

The military then becomes the insatiable customer of the nation's electronics industry. "The industry sold well over 60 per cent ($12.2-billion) of its output of approximately $23-billion in 1967 to the national government, the overwhelming share of which went to the Armed Forces."

In turn, the giant electronics producers are interlocked, informally and structurally, with the broadcast networks, whose business is the international cultivation of "consumerism," and the penetration, globally, of television, radio, and film markets.

While the media are busy with their global sell of the good, American life—directed mainly at the rich nations in the northern latitudes of our planet—the military maintains its own "crisis-management" and "counter-insurgency" global communications network, ready to put down protests against hunger, poverty, and illiteracy in the southern latitudes, where the have-not nations are located.

THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT spends annually an estimated $2-billion for telecommunications, while the role of communications in the enlightenment of the developing world limps along in pitiful proportions. "Communications," Schiller comments, "are being developed as the supporting instrumentation for the global enforcement of the status quo."

Meanwhile, at home, a 1967 Associated Press survey reported "that the biggest domestic publicity network is maintained by the military." (Annual budget $32.3-million; 3,000 employees.) "NASA is next with 300 employees and a tab of $11.5-million." Defense and space contractors charge the government for public relations. "One estimate is that the taxpayers directly pay at least $200-million a year for such press-agentry on behalf of private companies."

Military communications preparedness, harnessed to commercial media that overwhelm weak nations incapable of defending their cultures from a far more subtle form of imperialism than the old colonial diplomacy—that's the picture drawn by *Mass Communications and American Empire*. The author's prescription for switching on the alarm system again is the acquisition, by dynamic subgroups in American society, of access to the massive consciousness of the general public. It is a hope and a faith. If it is ever to be achieved, a giant first step would be for alarm-menders to study this indispensable blueprint, and to discover how the warning system has been disconnected in the past twenty years.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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The Ultimate in Opportunity

Criticisms of the schools for their failure to educate effectively the children of minority groups have become commonplace in recent years. Although the issues are complex, it seems clear that the disadvantaged have not benefited fully from the democratic ideal of equal educational opportunity. Despite the many efforts by agencies and individuals, both within the schools and outside of them, to overcome the cumulative effects of early deprivation, the results appear to be modest at best. But it has remained for United States District Court Judge James B. Parsons to place the issues in ultimate perspective.

When sentencing five Negroes for complicity in a mail fraud case a few weeks ago, he took the occasion to impress upon them the full extent of their deprivation. They were simply unable, Judge Parsons warned—as a result of their impoverished backgrounds, inadequate educations, and uncultivated talents—to compete successfully in committing "slick white man's crimes." American society has prevented them from developing the expertise required to get away with such crimes, and therefore they stand a better chance than white men of getting caught.

Judge Parsons, himself a Negro who has served on the federal bench for eight years, made it clear, according to a *New York Times* report, that he believed strongly that everyone, white or black, should stay away from crime. But, he noted, it is "especially stupid" for Negroes to try their hand at crimes where the white man has superior knowledge and where the black man, because of his educational and cultural limitations, is almost inevitably bound to fail.

In contrast to simple crimes of violence or smalltime hustling, Judge Parsons described what he meant by "white man's crimes." Safecracking, for instance, is a watchmaker-type skill, and counterfeiting requires superior ability in engraving; only rarely have Negroes had the opportunity to become proficient at either craft. Big-time jewelry theft demands sophisticated techniques and an efficient organization to dispose of the loot, while embezzlement requires access to large sums of money and a thorough knowledge of business techniques on a corporate level. Negroes, the judge pointed out, have simply lacked the opportunities to acquire the requisite skills, or to gain the necessary knowledge and experience. Therefore, they are inescapably doomed to failure.

The judge also called the attention of the five men he was sentencing to their lack of sophistication in weighing the potential gain against the prospective price they would have to pay for getting caught. The men realized an estimated $150,000 from their mail fraud scheme, but that amount had been divided among eleven accomplices. "And that just isn't worth it from where I sit," he told them.

Many whites are caught for white man's crimes, the judge pointed out but many others are getting away with them because they are highly skilled in areas that are completely alien to Negroes. In the case of a major diamond robbery, for instance, Judge Parsons said he didn't believe a Negro could elude the police for twenty-four hours because he lacked "the organization, the smooth background, the techniques." A white man, on the other hand, he said, "might get by for years."

It is, perhaps, too much to expect the schools to prepare all citizens for successful participation in every aspect of the American free enterprise system. Yet, this is the task that society traditionally has assigned to our educational institutions. Judge Parsons's commentary makes clear that if we are to realize the democratic ideal of equal opportunity for all, the schools have a long way to go. —J. C.

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Letters to the Education Editor

The Black Challenge

JAMES CASS's article "Can the University Survive the Black Challenge?" [*SR*, June 21] is perhaps the best-balanced treatment of this complex subject that I have seen. Mr. Cass tries hard to look at all sides of the matter, including relationships between the academic ability of entering blacks and their frustrations as college students.

I suspect, however, that he is too optimistic when he states: "Yet substantial numbers of 'high risk' students who manifestly were not prepared for college, but did possess high motivation and received adequate help, have succeeded." I wish there were evidence, other than the unsubstantiated anecdotes of ego-involved persons, that this is indeed happening for "substantial numbers" of students who were greatly underqualified academically for the institutions admitting them. Coaching, tutoring, and remedial courses for these handicapped students have not been shown to be adequate for bridging the gap.

The solution—in principle quite simple—has been known to college admissions officers for centuries: Try to place each applicant into a college not inordinately difficult or absurdly easy for him. In the United States there is a suitably difficult college for almost any high school graduate. The problem is to give most of the less selective colleges resources with which to help educationally disadvantaged applicants. Federal higher-education support for, say, the upper fourth of all high school graduates seems needed.

JULIAN C. STANLEY,
Professor of Education and Psychology,
Johns Hopkins University,
Baltimore, Md.

JAMES CASS's article fails to give sufficient treatment to what may very well be the biggest challenge of all—the reactions of white students to the response the university makes to black demands. For many different kinds of whites, too, are demanding a voice in university change.

The "kill-'em-with-kindness" white ultra-liberals will create problems for the university by supporting any and all black requests, not infrequently with a greater fervor and militancy than the blacks themselves. In contrast, the rightist whites will almost certainly be wrathful at what they regard as university coddling and kowtowing to the wishes of the black minority.

It is ultimately, however, the majority group of whites presently in the middle whose shifts in opinion will determine the amount and kind of success the university has in meeting the black challenge. If these white students coalesce around the black demands—for increased minority enrollments, for black studies departments, for separate black dormitories, and for a relevant curriculum—then the university may survive, as it will have the support of its students. But if, as seems more likely given today's national temperament, the majority of white students discard their passive indignation at burned buildings and disrupted education and replace it with an active assertion that the university system exists only for those who, like themselves, can meet it on its own terms, then we have witnessed only the beginnings of the trouble on campus.

TED HIPPLE,
Assistant Professor of Education,
University of Florida,
Gainesville, Fla.

OK, Question Everything

LIKE Charles J. Calitri, who reviewed Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner's *Teaching as a Subversive Activity* [*SR*, July 19], I am fully convinced that educators need to be more honest if they are to involve young people in learning. But I rather doubt that the curriculum proposed by the authors is a workable answer and feel that reviewer Calitri has done readers a gross disservice in failing to stem his flow of laudatory metaphor in favor of some substantive comment on the new curriculum offered.

I sense that Postman and Weingartner had their own "crap detector" turned off while drawing up some of the specific suggestions for reform, and that Professor Calitri, in his general enthusiasm for an anti-Establishment book (dealing with an establishment that needs plenty of practical new ideas), overlooked a major shortcoming.

Unfortunately for the reader who might try to assay the overall worth of the book from the review, Calitri has failed to apply the rigorous analytical techniques of inquiry that Postman and Weingartner insist are fundamental to the search for truth. As Calitri himself quotes the book: "teach them to question the data, too, since that is part of the process of inquiry."

HENRY B. MALONEY,
Associate Professor of Education,
Wayne State University,
Detroit, Mich.

"This is Dial-a-Prayer, Mrs. Stone. You haven't called lately, and we wondered if everything was alright."

The Teaching Church

IN REFERENCE to Robert Hassenger's article "The Reformation of the Catholic College" [*SR*, July 19], certainly scholars in Catholic colleges should be free to pursue research, wherever it leads. But in Catholic theology, whose point of departure is divine revelation, there can be no absolute independence (nor should there be) from the teaching Church, which has the responsibility of perpetuating that revelation free from error.

By insisting that scholars should be accountable only to their academic peers, Hassenger promotes a kind of irresponsibility typical of special interest groups seeking to attain a privileged status for their members. Other examples of the same phenomenon are: the AMA emphasizing that a prime consideration in choosing the nation's health director is whether he enjoys the confidence of his fellow doctors; the suggestion that fighting wars should be left to the generals; or the resistance of police to any form of civilian review.

Nor does judgment by one's academic peers insure freedom from interference. Many of the grossest intellectual scandals in history have involved persecution by those same peers. The case of Velikovsky not long ago revealed the extent to which scholars of the highest repute can be blinded by prejudice and their own ingrained tradition.

ROGER SCHMEECKLE,
Essex Junction, Vt.

The Parsons College Bubble

JAMES D. KOERNER's article "The Life and Hard Times of Parsons College" [*SR*, July 19] is apt. It is about time that someone outside of the Parsons College community said that the fate of the school was due to Dr. Millard Roberts's telling "too many people on too many occasions . . . to go to hell." The institution, then and now, is turning out a student with a solid degree.

Koerner's article leads to the conclusion that the "learning experience" of the college could provide insight and example to other private and state colleges. It would be a shame to let such knowledge go to waste.

From my viewpoint, I would prefer that people try to evaluate a student's education on its own merit instead of judging his degree by the number of academic no-no's his administration committed while giving it out.

DAVID S. COHEN,
Editor,
Parsons Student Newspaper (1968-1969),
Fairfield, Ia.

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MEDICAL STUDENTS: HEALERS BECOME ACTIVISTS

by MICHAEL G. MICHAELSON

Physicians in America, like priests and shamans everywhere, are conservative in two ways. Well established, relatively powerful, comfortably prosperous, they have been generally unreceptive to rapid societal change. But more important, society has consistently reinforced the conservatism of its healing classes. Rashness and radicalism, the innovative urge, have been deemed inappropriate and dangerous in those trusted with the sacred concerns of life, death, and suffering. Because the doctor is so often depended upon, he must, above all, be dependable. For nearly as often as science or art, it is faith that makes medicine work. And the physician, like the healer of the soul or of the spirit, must somehow be worthy of that faith.

Society has specified two prerequisites for the training of its doctors, lawyers, and ministers. One is that all professionals possess a specialized body of technical knowledge; the other is that they successfully endure a series of prolonged initiation rites and an extended and demanding period of apprenticeship, preferably in an atmosphere of isolation, purity, and abstinence. Both requirements are satisfied primarily by attendance at and graduation from a socially sanctioned institution of learning not unlike the magic hut or monastery. Here a bright young man secludes himself, studies tirelessly, confronts the secrets and arcane language of his craft, and emerges knowledgeable and certified. Frequently he also emerges properly cautious and dedicated more to his colleagues than to his clients or ideals.

The significant mythology enveloping medical education in this country has two important corollaries. One is the assumption that the medical school—the seat of the student's isolation, the mother of his skill and of his dedication—is an otherworldly place. It is markedly distinct from other kinds of schools; it must be the ivoriest of ivory towers. The second corollary is that medical students must be different from other students—quieter, more subdued, more serious; in short, more mature than undergraduates. If they were not, how could they be permitted to examine perfect strangers, to puncture their skins, to inquire about their urinary output or menstrual regularity?

Because medical students have been

Michael G. Michaelson, a medical student and graduate student in sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, is an editor of *ITIS*, a quarterly journal of Philadelphia health affairs.

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set apart by society in these respects, they have been set apart in others. In the Fifties, for example, they would not have been expected to be pushing beds across frozen lakes, stuffing telephone booths, or organizing panty raids. Today, one might reasonably assume, they are too busy, too responsible, for demonstrations or protests. For politics they ought simply to have no time. Posit the mere phrase "medical student activism," and it seems remarkably incongruous.

Yet, medical student activism is a fact. It is new and somewhat limited, but it is real. Students have begun to resent their roles as automatons, to question the models and methods of their profession, and to abandon passivity for immediate social action. In December 1967, a hundred students burst onto the floor of an American Medical Association conference in Chicago and accused the organization of plotting to "silence the anguished cries of the poor." In the summer of 1968, the Student Health Organization —founded three years before at the University of Southern California School of Medicine—organized, financed, and administered multidisciplinary health-care projects in nine disadvantaged areas of the country. Last fall in Philadelphia, a student Committee on Black Admissions demanded that the city's five medical institutions admit 1969-70 entering classes one-third of which would be Negro.

By the more dramatic and disruptive criteria of our undergraduate revolution such stirrings seem innocuous, provincial. Perhaps, to a great extent, they are, but within the context of the American medical student's traditional posture, these changes assume an added significance. Considered in the light of the physician's time-honored conservatism, and in the light of the societal and professional ideals which the student so often in the past embraced as his own, these beginnings seem bolder.

The changes have been of two kinds: those directed at the curriculum and those aimed at the interaction between the medical school, its students, and the community. To understand both, it is first necessary to describe the changes in medical education produced by the 1910 report on *Medical Education in the United States and Canada* by Abraham Flexner.

Until the turn of the twentieth century, American doctors were characteristically the products of 200 shoddy diploma mills, in which, as Flexner put it, "loose and shifting bands of practicing physicians, calling themselves a faculty" were engaged in the teaching of a brand of quasi-medicine which was "directly, in cash, and indirectly, in prestige, a profitable business." The effect of the Flexner report was drastic, and very nearly immediate. The proprietary medical school, with its lack of facilities, lack of admissions standards, and abundance of crass profiteering, was exposed and fell rapidly from grace. The number of functioning medical schools in this country dropped from nearly 200 in 1900 to seventy-six in 1930.

The new medical school was permanently established within the university setting; admissions requirements were standardized; full-time hospital-based facilities were established; scientific thinking and research received a new emphasis; subject matter and curriculum were rendered rational and uniform. With one devastating stroke, Flexner restructured the American physician's education, and with it, the American Physician.

Still, what Flexner precipitated was less a revolution than an integrated set of thoroughly radical reforms; multiplicity yielded to uniformity, chaos to order, diversity to standardization. The reforms were designed to meet a particular crisis at a particular time, and they succeeded, but were also, by their very particularity, importantly limited. The rigid, preset curriculum, for example, so vital in 1910 to offset the intolerable variability which had preceded it, has outlived its usefulness. For medical students subjected to it today, it has become an oppressive barrier to genuine intellectual experience.

In the standard Flexnerian curriculum of the majority of America's one hundred-odd medical schools, the student's first year is devoted to the intensive study of anatomy, biochemistry, physiology—in precisely that order. In the second year, microbiology, pathology, and pharmacology are studied in turn. During these preclinical years the student's time is divided equally between laboratory periods, in which he generally follows cookbook instructions, and the lecture room, where a didactic and often disinterested professor recites facts to be memorized—facts more coherently organized and economically presented in the standard textbooks. To insure that the requisite knowledge is conveyed, facts are repeated, then repeated again. Not uncommonly, a student hears the same lecture on carbohydrate metabolism in physiology, biochemistry, microbiology, pharmacology, and pathology.

Medical students from three schools in Philadelphia are working in a clinic founded and administered by the black community.

Should his anatomy professor be especially fond of the liver or pancreas, yet another opportunity presents itself.

In the last two clinical years the student encounters human beings—live, warm, pinkish things virtually ignored in the first two years of his training—but the pattern remains essentially the same: repetition, busywork, lock-step learning, conformity, passivity. The professor dispenses knowledge, the student, sponge-like, absorbs it, squeezes it out on command. Ironically, Flexner, characteristically prescient, was the first to recognize the curriculum's limitations. "The desire to stamp out unfit medical schools," he wrote in 1925, "has also operated to strengthen regimentation. . . . Our present fetters were therefore forged in order to compel wretched medical schools to give unfit medical students a 'better' training. Now that the end has been measurably accomplished, the means have

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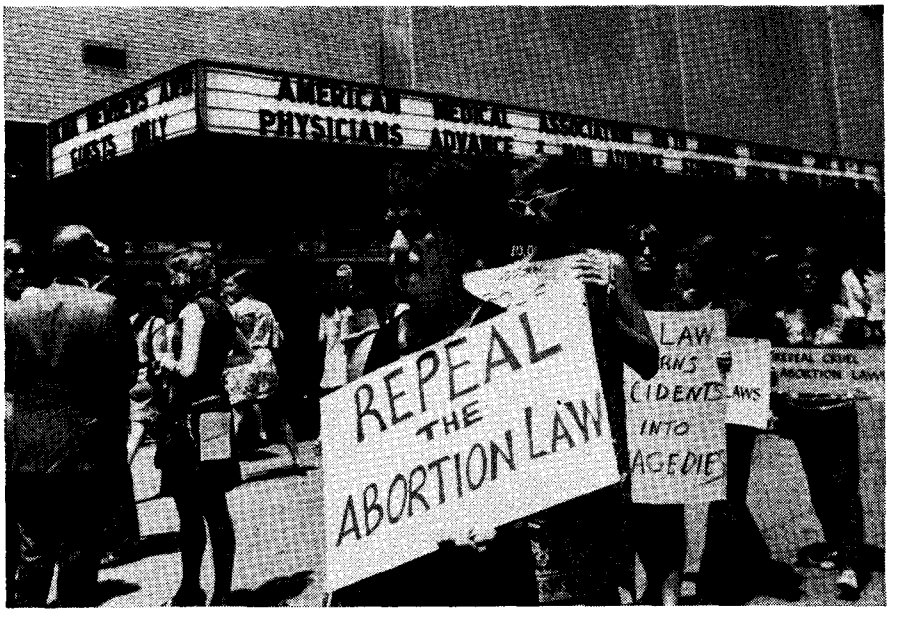
become a fetish, blocking further improvement."

For half a century, improvement remained blocked. As American society underwent fundamental changes, as medical and scientific knowledge exploded exponentially, as the character of medical practice became increasingly specialized, urbanized, and depersonalized, the American medical school marked time.

There was a single notable, even bold, exception. In the years immediately following the Second World War, Dr. Joseph T. Wearn, dean of Western Reserve University School of Medicine, had a reformist vision of Flexnerian proportions. Responding to Wearn's challenge, faculty and administration debated curricular revisions for six years and launched in 1952 an unorthodox, and by most standards highly successful, program of medical education. Teaching was interdepartmentalized and approached on a coherent, systemic basis: The student would study the respiratory system, for example, in all its aspects—anatomy, physiology, pathology—and then proceed to the cardiovascular system, and so on. Repetition was avoided, interest sustained. A novel integration of the clinical and preclinical sciences was established. From the first day students had contact with patients. An independent research project became a requirement for graduation. Grades were de-emphasized, close faculty-student relationships were encouraged.

The Western Reserve experiment, as it came to be known, was received with interest and enthusiasm by most of the medical community. Its guiding principles, however, were more commonly applauded than applied during the Fifties and early Sixties. Changes were made in curriculum, teaching methods, and the length of the training period at a few institutions. Token structural changes were made at a large number of medical schools, but the Western Reserve doctrine of "student advocacy" in education really failed to spread until the mid-Sixties when students began, somewhat hesitantly, to acknowledge that student advocacy would become a fact only when the students became their own advocates.

In 1965, the dean of the Harvard Medical School, Robert H. Ebert (the former chairman of Western Reserve's Department of Internal Medicine) was approached by twenty-five second-year students who informed him politely that they had no intention of continuing in the standard curriculum. What was not irrelevant, they maintained, was repetitious, and they had a better approach to education. Ebert encouraged the students to design the details of their own course, which they did, and which they then studied.



Sections of the American medical establishment have come under strong pressure to change some of their policies on public health.

The well-publicized uprising at Harvard resulted in no immediate fundamental reforms. Still, it was symptomatic of a subtle but significant transition in the mood of American medical students. "The important thing about this anger," according to Harvard surgeon Oliver Cope, "is that it is alerting everyone, forcing us to become aware of the problems. Not only are the students angry, but the faculty is angry. What is happening now is real and continuous change."

The flurry of curricular revisions in the latter half of this decade has been one manifestation of this change. And these have differed qualitatively from preceding ones. They have gone beyond Western Reserve's original concept of planning *for* the student (which was, however well intended, firmly rooted in the paternalistic, authoritarian premises of turn-of-the-century medical education) to the concept of planning *by* the students.

Stanford University fashioned a novel five-year program to provide students with elective time in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. Albert Einstein Medical School formalized, financed, and recruited for a joint M.D.-Ph.D. program. The University of Pennsylvania condensed the two sterile years of basic sciences into one, made half of the four-year program elective in nature, arranged to provide its first-year class with clinical experience from the start in an attempt to remind it of what is too often forgotten too quickly: medicine is about people.

A recent survey by the University of Michigan indicates that of the 117 medical schools in the United States and Canada, twenty have introduced some formal "new curriculum," and sixty-seven others have progressed at least to the planning stages. Certainly not all of these include genuine reforms, or even genuine attempts at reform. Not all of them represent a response to student demands. But many, and increasing numbers, do.

Dean Ebert of Harvard assured me recently, "When you talk about the changes in the medical curriculum—more electives, integrated teaching, greater freedom, the abolition of grades, creating a different environment—you are really talking about a revolution that began twenty-five years ago. A new revolution is starting today, one which will have an even more profound effect than that of the late Forties."

Today's revolution, of course, centers around the poor and the blacks, and around the ideas of justice and equality; in the field of health care the manifestations of injustice because of race or class are physically devastating and impossible to ignore. A student might be told, for instance, by an obstetrics resident that Negroes are too dumb to suffer post-partum depression; or he may watch an unconscious black man be labeled A.O.B. (alcohol on breath) by an emergency room physician and left to dry out before he is examined; or he may notice the difference between the way a white, middle-class mother ("You're a brave girl") and a black, unwed mother ("Shut up and keep still") are delivered on the same table in the same hospital. He might wait six hours with

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THE FREE SCHOOLS OF DENMARK

The Friskoler assure that the public school system retains no monopoly over the education of the young.

by ESTELLE FUCHS

Denmark is a country long acclaimed for its achievements in education. It has had worldwide influence through its extensive programs in vocational and adult education. But more important, Denmark presents for a democratic state a model of public education that is flexible in the use of alternative types of public schools, many of them organized and controlled by parents. It is through their system of Free Schools (*Friskoler*) that the Danes have shown how a modern nation can establish standards of education required for national life and the protection of the young, while at the same time provide for the freedom of parents with special religious, ethnic, economic, or pedagogic interests to oversee and direct the education of their children with minimal interference by the government.

In the United States, a state-controlled education system has come to mean that parents who are dissatisfied with the education provided for their children must either move to areas where school systems are more compatible with their interests, turn to private, non-publicly supported schooling, or exert pressure for internal reform. However, only those in the upper socioeconomic brackets are able to exercise the first two of these options. The very poor and the non-white are limited in their choice of residence, and since the federal and state governments do not subsidize tuition for private elementary education, the costs are prohibitive for those with low incomes.

Although local control over schools is deeply rooted in American tradition, to move in the direction of direct parental control of publicly supported city schools contrasts sharply with present inner-city school organizational patterns. It also conflicts with trends toward national assessments and national standards which are imposed on the lower schools by such forces as the universities and nationally standardized examinations, presumably in keeping with the needs of a technologically oriented, mobile, urban nation.

Denmark, however, has a fairly centralized educational system with national standards, but it also makes provision for publicly financed schooling outside the state system. Parents are accorded the right to arrange for the schooling or tutorial instruction of their children, including the right to organize, staff, and supervise the schools their children attend. Moreover, the government provides considerable financial and organizational assistance to these private schools. The state-run public schools retain no monopoly over the education of the young, although the government retains the right to establish standards in curriculum and sanitation in the independent schools.

The roots of this system go back to the beginning of compulsory school attendance in Denmark in 1814. Provision was made then to permit parents to employ alternative education for their children in the form of tutoring or schools separate from the state schools (a principle not firmly established in the United States until 1925 by the Supreme Court decision in *Pierce vs. The Society of Sisters*). In Denmark, two major influences helped establish and maintain the tradition during the nineteenth century. One was that the state religion (Evangelical Lutheran) was taught in the public schools, and those who found such instruction unsatisfactory (because of dissident viewpoints or because they practiced other religions) sought alternative educational forms as a guarantee of their religious liberty.

The other significant factor was the

Estelle Fuchs is associate professor of education at Hunter College in New York.

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independent school established by Kristen Kold along the lines suggested by N. F. S. Grundtvig. Though deeply religious and a clergyman himself, Grundtvig opposed compulsory education and especially compulsory religious education. In language curiously like that used by the more adamant of present-day critics of American schools, he attacked some of the schools of his time as "schools for death" and "scholastic houses of correction." Extolling folk culture and humanitarianism, he had a deep, lasting influence on all Danish life. The independent school established by Kold, in which the pedagogical emphasis was upon oral presentation, discussions, and singing, and in which rote learning and drill were absent, was soon copied by parents all over Denmark.

The Grundtvig-Kold influence is important because it affirmed the pattern of establishing schools outside the national system. It also helped affirm the deeply rooted resistance to compulsory education so that even today, Denmark, while providing abundant free educational opportunity through the university level, compels school attendance only between the ages of seven and fourteen.

At present, all schools in Denmark, whether state or Free Schools, follow a similar organizational pattern, although there are major differences in matters of religious training, language usage, pedagogical methodology, and educational aims. The system is composed of three departments: the primary school (grades one through seven), the lower secondary school (grades eight through ten), and the higher secondary school (grades eleven through thirteen). More than 500,000 children in both state and Free Schools attend the Primary School Division, the only compulsory division in the system. Upon graduation from the seventh grade or at age fourteen, children may exercise the option of leaving school. Those who choose to remain move in two separate streams, one leading to the academically oriented Real School (*Realskole*), the Higher Secondary School (*Gymnasium*), and eventually the universities, and the other to voluntary classes with a vocational emphasis.

Existing parallel to the regular state system, there are more than 175 Free Schools offering primary schooling. The largest number, 114, are *Grundtvig-Koldske Friskoler*, operating in the direct tradition of the two educators and practicing the pedagogical and religious principles espoused by them. There are nineteen Catholic private schools, one Jewish school, and twenty-eight German schools.

Despite the liberal financing and government cooperation in the formation of independent schools, they are used by only 7 per cent of the children of compulsory school attendance age. The right to educate children at home, outside of any school, is also provided by law, but few parents use this prerogative.

Of the Danish population that does take advantage of the right to use Free Schools, the majority clearly represents those who wish a particular religious education for their children other than that provided in the state schools. Seventh-Day Adventists, Catholics, Jews, and Grundtvigians are among these. The German-speaking ethnic minority also maintains its own schools, and in these the German language is used as a medium of instruction.

Another group chooses the Free Schools for the purpose of insuring a traditional university-oriented education, and at times this group includes upper-class as well as upwardly mobile middle-class people who wish their children to travel in socially prestigious circles. The Zahles Gymnasieskole in Copenhagen is one such school, maintaining high academic standards and attended at times by members of the Danish royal family. Although its doors are now open to children from all segments of the population, the Zahles school retains its prestigious reputation and is characterized by a relaxed yet formal aura of a college preparatory institution.

More recently, those espousing the educational philosophy of John Dewey and influenced by A. S. Neill's Summerhill have founded the Little Schools (*Lille Skole*). Here the educational milieu tends to be fairly permissive and informal, with a heavy emphasis on creativity in the arts and a stress on the development of cooperation and humanitarianism. These schools are based on the principles that pupils must be allowed a great deal of democratic freedom, that the students ought to play as active a role in the educational process and the running of the school as the teacher, that creativity be emphasized, and that parents play an active role in the daily workings of the school.

Laws governing the organization, funding, and regulation of the Free Schools are administered by the Ministry of Education, which must be kept informed concerning location, headmaster, and attendance at each school. Free Schools can be founded by organizations, individuals, or groups of parents, the latter receiving more liberal benefits.

Children are protected because the schools are held accountable for the quality of their instruction and facilities. If, upon inspection, the instruction is found to be not as good as that received by pupils in the ordinary schools, a report is made to the appropriate local school board officials, and if the situation is not corrected within a year, the Ministry of Education decides whether the school should be allowed to continue to function. In general, instruction is required to be at least as good as in the public schools in the basic subjects of Danish and arithmetic. In all other matters the school is free to pursue its particular interests.

Inspectors are chosen by the Ministry of Education. Interestingly enough, however, many schools are given the right to select their own inspector—generally a professional with views sympathetic to the aims of the particu-

Like many advocates of American private schooling, some Danes defend the Free Schools because their freedom to innovate and experiment is seen as a stimulus to improve the public schools.

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lar school—who will act in a sense as a citizen notary to certify that the requirements of the state laws governing education are being fulfilled. Permission to choose an inspector is generally granted to schools owned by a circle of parents. That the school may choose its own inspector does not appear strange to the Danes, who argue that his role is to insure that the state requirements are met, not to pass judgment on the school. Since the school meets the religious, pedagogic, or ethnic interests of the parents of the children involved, it ought to be inspected by someone neither antagonistic toward nor unfamiliar with its purposes and style. There are few cases of disapproval of an inspector chosen by groups of parents.

The financial assistance given the Free Schools consists of funds for staff, for children, and for buildings. Schools become eligible for assistance in various ways. A private school, i.e., one owned by an individual or a group such as a church, becomes eligible after it has been in existence three years. In keeping with the more liberal provisions for parents, self-owned institutions and schools run by groups of parents become eligible even sooner, and such a school can receive funds even if it enrolls as few as ten pupils. The Ministry of Education can include in this number children ranging from preschool classes through the tenth grade. The liberality of this provision becomes evident when it is remembered that public education in Denmark becomes available ordinarily only at age seven and is compulsory only through age fourteen, or the seventh grade.

The government provides salaries for the staff members of the Free Schools at a rate equivalent to 85 per cent of the salaries paid public school teachers and headmasters. In many cases, the Free School teachers have smaller pupil loads than those carried by teachers in the public schools, but they are paid on the basis of number of lessons taught rather than on pupil registration. The pupil-teacher ratio is restricted, however, by the fact that the schools must pay the additional 15 per cent of a teacher's salary, and few institutions have enough money to allow for more than one teacher per ten pupils. Usually, as in all Danish schools, the headmaster also teaches.

In addition to funds for salaries, the state provides 50 per cent of the money it would cost the government to keep the child in a regular public school and provides the same services, such as free milk, to the children. Application forms for funds for staff and children are simple, requiring only the names of teachers, lessons taught, names of pupils, attendance records, and certification by an inspector that state requirements are being met.

The Free Schools also receive aid from the government to establish school buildings. State loans are made and paid for at 4 per cent interest, and the state retains mortgage rights to the buildings. There is no time limit set on repayment of the loan, and the loan cannot be recalled as long as conditions under the law are met and the property used as a school. Loans for three-quarters of the costs of additional buildings, improvements, expansion, furniture, capital investment, educational materials, and modernization can also be obtained when schools formerly owned by individuals or organizations other than parents are reorganized into self-owned institutions.

Parents dissatisfied with the Danish public schools can band together and found a school of their own. Frequently this means physically building it as well as conceptually organizing it.

Despite the legal incentives, the actual founding of a Free School requires a great deal of motivation, commitment, organization, and some financial ability. The Lille Skole de Mezasvej in Elsinore illustrates how such a school is founded. Dissatisfied with the public schools for reasons that included large classes, curtailed academic programs for the children, and annoyance that their concern as parents branded them as troublemakers by school authorities, some twenty-nine parents banded together to organize a Little School. They found a building, borrowed money from the banks, and assumed responsibility for the loan. These founding parents then bought wood and paint, and within a few months converted a former hotel to a pleasant, cheerful, sprawling school. The responsibility for paying the loan passes on to each new group of parents. It took four months before government money was forthcoming, but the parents were able to keep the school going until the full financial benefits under the Free School law became available. The founding of the school required an initial investment of about $72 per child.

The vast majority of the Danish population uses the state public schools primarily because they are generally of excellent quality in teaching, physical structure, and opportunity for children. The modest fees associated with Free Schools do not account for their use by only 7 per cent of the population. In this fairly homogeneous nation, with no extremely sharp class differences, the public schools do not present barriers to some children to achievement in the larger society, nor does the teaching within the schools clash markedly with the beliefs and wishes of most parents.

The Free Schools are not without criticism. The Danes are so proud of their modern public school system that many question, for example, the implication of snobbery by those using special preparatory schools. They raise questions of the propriety of the state supporting teachers' salaries at lower pupil-teacher ratios in the Free Schools. Also, they question the propriety of seeking solutions to educational controversy outside of a public school system deemed good for all. The Little Schools particularly are the targets of those who disapprove of permissive education, and who also view the humanistically oriented, protective, and intimate environments provided in these schools as a return to an archaic educational form unrealistic in the preparation of people for modern society.

On the other hand, Danish tradition holds the highest respect for the right

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A wide variety of activities help the children develop a sense of discipline and self-sufficiency.

MONTESSORI IN GUATEMALA

THE SMALL GUATEMALAN CITY of Santiago Atitlán is an unlikely setting for a Montessori school, but there, under the guidance of the Reverend Tomas Stafford of the Oklahoma Mission, is the Escuela Montessori, attended by twenty-four Atiteco Indian children, ages two to six. For 2 cents a day, they come for three hours, five days a week, and nine months of the year (three months of school, one month off). The children are learning to read and write both in Spanish and Tzutujil (the local Indian language). They also learn arithmetic, geometry, biology, geography, music, and a host of things that aid their self-sufficiency, such as: how to wash themselves, button and unbutton their clothing, clean up after meals, prepare and serve food, and even how to plant and farm vegetables.

The school was founded in 1967 when Father Stafford met two young Montessori teachers traveling through Guatemala on vacation. Fascinated by the possibilities that Father Stafford saw for Indian children in the Montessori method, Penny Gerbich and Rita Weill of Cincinnati, Ohio, agreed to stay for two years in Santiago Atitlán and help launch the school.

Parents of the enrolled children built the schoolhouse, the furniture, and some of the educational materials. Other materials were ordered from Amsterdam. The total cost came to less than $2,000.

When the school opened, the two teachers hired three Indians as assistants. Only one of the assistants had completed ninth grade, but they proved to be sensitive teachers as well as warm and intelligent human beings. Now, having absorbed the essence of the Montessori method, they will soon be qualified to train other Indian teachers.

Photographs and text by Richard Bellak.

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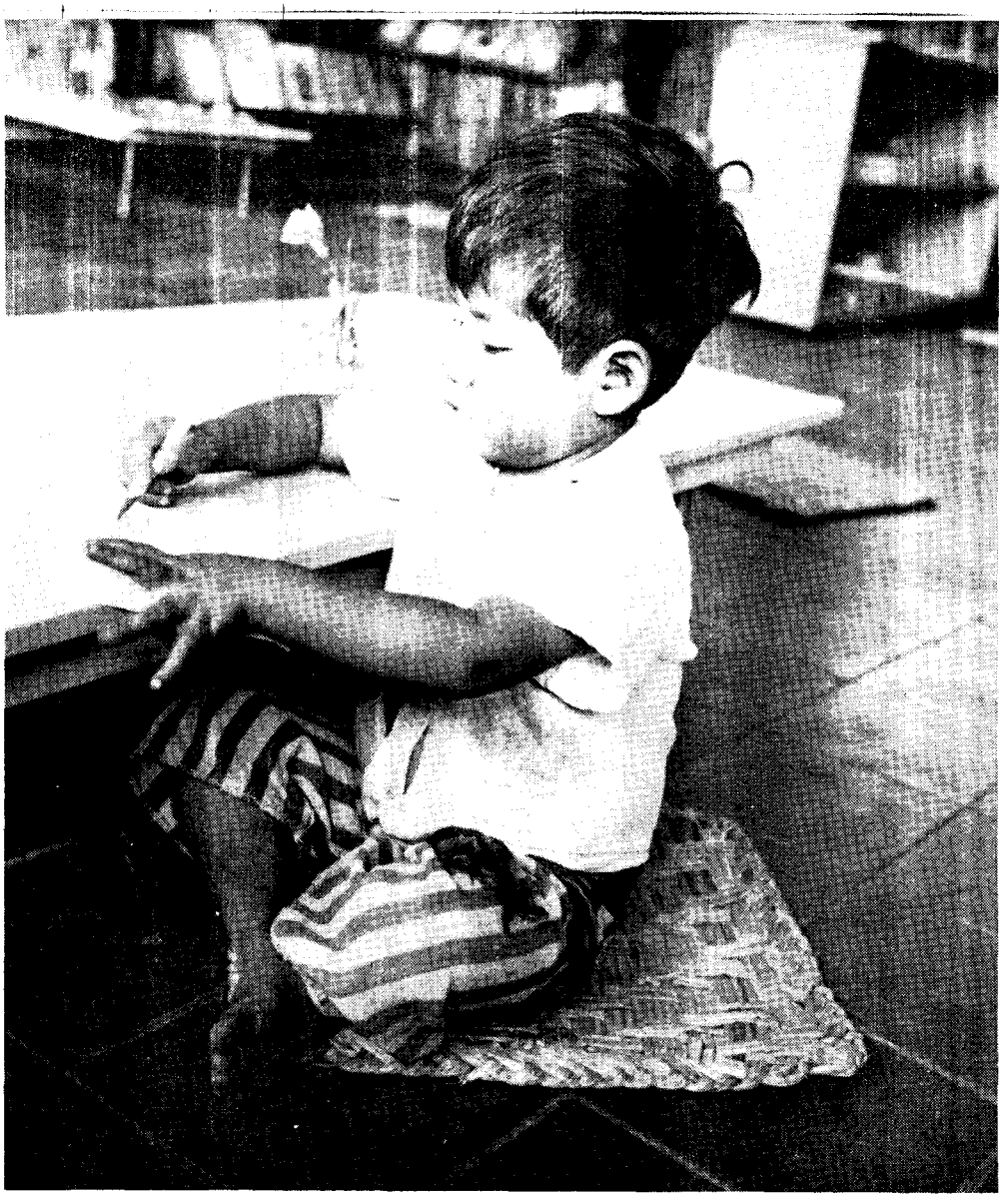
The children work in an atmosphere of order. All around the room they can be seen—singly, in small groups, or with a teacher—totally involved in some kind of work. The room where this takes place is actually a long, rectangular, low-ceilinged building with a sloping, corrugated steel roof; there are bamboo walls and continuous screened windows in the front, and stucco walls on the sides and rear. The floors are neatly tiled. Throughout the large room are miniature (child-sized) brightly colored tables and chairs in assorted basic geometric shapes. Along the walls are shelves and chests containing a wide array of tempting Montessori educational materials, all of which are physically accessible to the children. There is also an abundance of charts, diagrams, and exhibits strategically placed around the room. In one corner of the room there is a small library containing magazines and children's books. Built into the rear wall is a cozy fireplace where there is usually a large caldron of hot soup.



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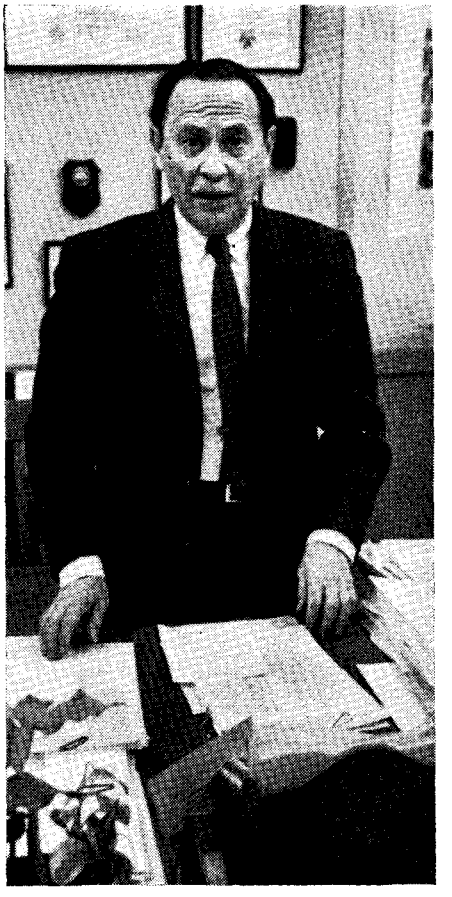

by PETER SCHRAG

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Most of it is familiar: Harvard types in cord suits, sweating in the 100-degree heat like ordinary mortals; a couple of shrinks; a rabbi from Cleveland; Louis Harris with the poll data; a guru from the music industry in a $300 suit playing Bob Dylan and Simon and Garfunkel records; Paul Goodman with his shirttail out; David Riesman with the generation gap; Jerry Avorn, last year's editor of the *Columbia Spectator*; a dozen or so high school students (rural North Carolina and Central Harlem; fancy prep and small-town high); some eighty public school administrators of the Advanced Administrative Institute of the Harvard Graduate School of Education—deputy superintendents from big cities; full-dress, four-star supers from Edina and Shaker Heights, from Salamanca and Canton; plus a few monsignors—diocesan school superintendents—doing summer business in polo shirts.

The topic is like the cast, like the set, like the heat: The Youth Revolution. (The coming insurrection in the high school? The new culture? Why kids hate school? Hypocrisy among the aged?) But when Harvard calls, people come—even in July. The Advanced Administrative Institute at Harvard is an annual affair for experienced school personnel, but this year's meeting has more urgency, allows for less time, than the normal conference dealing with the mysteries of mustering support for bond issues or the problems of getting along with the school board. "The Youth Revolution" is more than rhetoric, more than a fabrication of newspaper pundits and cheap sociologists. But what are the connections between that revolution—whatever it may be—and the schools? Do the people who run those schools feel they have a problem, and in what way do they regard it as something that relates to what they do? Can "the problem" be administered away with a few new tactics, or does it reflect pervasive inadequacies in the society and the educational system? Those who come to Harvard are touted high on the with-it-ness scale. If they don't know, who does?

The heat is a symbolic equalizer. For much of the time we are all incarcerated in un-air-conditioned buildings that impose an elusive atmospheric democracy. Some of the superintendents are wearing Bermuda shorts and sandals, all the duds that violate the dress code of Central High; out of uniform, they, too, are ordinary mortals, middle-aged men, some of them going to pot, trying to figure what the hell it's all about, or maybe trying to figure a way not to have to figure at all. In the dormitory, the kids are playing hard rock, some of them dancing, some of them playing cards with a young priest-administrator from Chicago, others rapping with a black administrator from New York. Equality in the hot living room of Holmes Hall at Radcliffe. "This whole damn thing," says the way-out with the extra-length hair, "is like a Green Beret counter-insurgency manual. They're trying to figure what color hats the guerrilla leaders will wear."

Maybe, for some, it is. Maybe for most. There is a recent copy of *School Management* magazine floating around: STRATEGIES FOR COPING WITH BOYCOTTS, VIOLENCE, SIT-INS. In *School Management*, the kids are the enemy, barbarian hordes who have to be conned, or co-opted, or accommodated. Success is to get the kids "back into class in short order." But what about the other guys? What about the guy from the Midwestern city—a deputy superintendent—who confesses that two-thirds of the high schools in his district stink and that the kids are perfectly right to scream about teachers who can't teach, administrators who are inaccessible, and programs from another age and frame of mind? Is there a sensitivity scale? Here are the men who supposedly run a cross section of American schools, ghetto schools and suburban schools, and all-American mainstream schools in places like Sioux Center, Iowa, and Franklin Lakes, New Jersey. How many of them expect to do business as usual next year and forever after? There were high school student demonstrations and protests last year: some in New York City, others in New Jersey, Ohio, Florida, and Minnesota; and no one can really conceive of what normalcy might again be like, even if he fell over it in the lunchroom. We all (let's not say all; say many of us) sense that something is about to happen, that 1969-70 is going to be the year of Central High the way that 1968-69 was the year of Harvard, Cornell, and San Fran State. (And perhaps it will be the year of the junior high, too.) Race, pot, music, the anger of youth—all the elements are there. And so is business-as-usual. Six hours a day of incarceration, thirty kids to a class, listening to a drone; guidance counselors advising independence, while the teachers sniff the john for smoke; hall passes and after-school detention; phony student councils and pompous principals issuing the daily homily. They are masters of the put-down, experts in condescension. "What they're doing," says a tough, angry man from the Minneapolis schools, "is killing kids."

Everybody is trying to tell them something, and after a few days the message ought to be deafening. At a moment like this, only a boob could worry about the school bonds: Mary McCarthy, Radcliffe senior and daughter of Senator Eugene McCarthy, telling them, with four-letter words and other appropriate shorthand, that kids have lost faith in the ordinary institutions of society; Julius Hobson, who beat the track system in the Washing-

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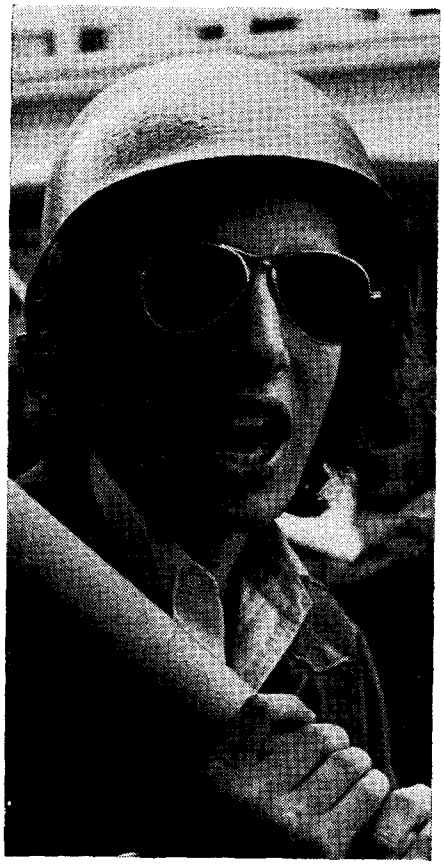

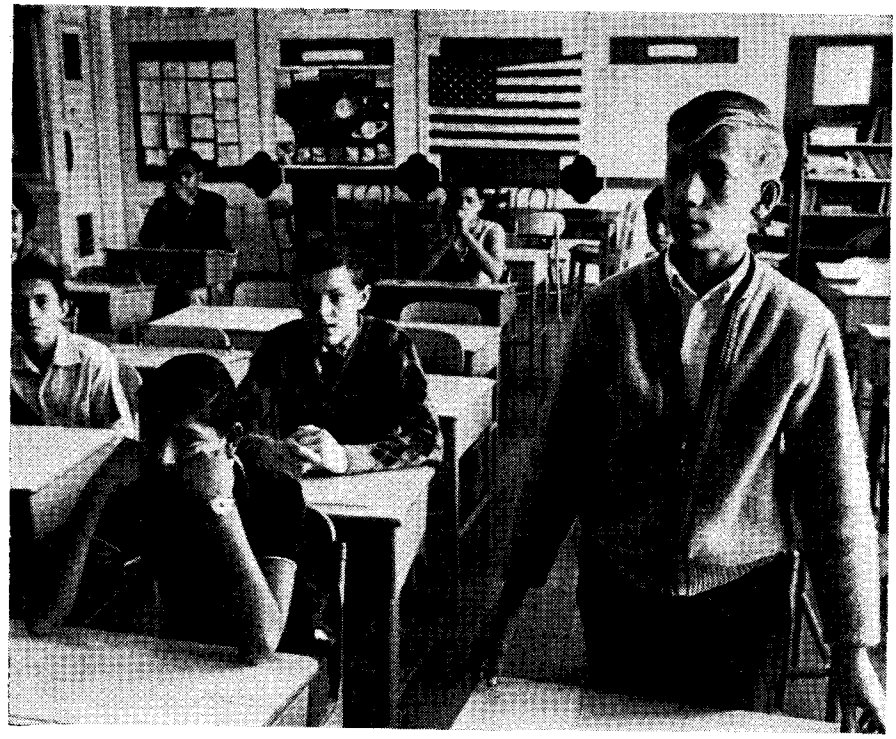

School administrator, high school student demonstrator, and the common classroom—"We are living in a no man's land labeled 'the generation gap' which gives its educational system no clues to follow."

ton schools and who is now an angry minority on the district school board, speaking about the society's war on the young, about dirty old men who worry about miniskirts and see-through blouses instead of concerning themselves with racial injustice and the education of children; kids telling about harassment by cops and administrators (and other kids describing how, at sixteen, they are being pursued by white vigilantes, or Black Panthers, or dope pushers); conservative kids and radical kids and moderate kids trying to say that at least part of the time schools are irrelevant, stupid, and repressive.

The messages are so thick that the overload of noise becomes itself an element of administrative relief. (Thank God, says the secret heart in the big office, the kids can't agree. The enemy is divided.) For the first few days of the institute, the kids—despite their divergent views about politics and race—form a phalanx, a defensive clot against Authority in Superior Numbers. "We stick together, stick up for each other, even if we don't agree," says one, but he cannot explain what they have in common other than age. (Later, he will begin to learn.) But the divisions become apparent, almost chaotic, when the kids sit down, all of them, around a table without a moderator or even a working microphone. For an hour and a half, the irrationalities and the hard facts of diverse and often bitter experience are tossed, inconsistent and incomplete, at the visiting Romans. The kids dredge up the phrases of hand-me-down pop sociology, stuff about "elitist theory" and "multiple value systems" (reminder: only a couple are over eighteen; a few are barely sixteen). There are references to FBI conspiracies, to Harvard's use of its investments ("Harvard," says one, "could buy South Africa if it wanted to"—but he neglects to mention that across the street an all-white construction crew is erecting a new dormitory for the girls of Radcliffe), to Black Panthers and the SDS, to the use of Mace-spraying helicopters on the Berkeley campus, to the brutalities of ghetto schools and the injustices of racism, to nonviolent and violent revolution. The leader of an organization of American Indian students reproaches the other kids for shooting off their mouths, making social causes of their paranoia, without having an idea of what they really want. The Indian is tough and cool, like Cochise in a John Ford movie. ("White man talk too much, white man afraid.") The students—from black Harlem militant to Midwest racist—are expected to set out a bill of particulars for the Youth Revolution; instead they set forth a still incoherent set of attitudes that reflect precisely the diversities for which they were chosen in the first place. If you bring together an alienated long-haired militant from the suburbs and future ROTC captains from North Carolina, you can't really expect them to agree on whether schools, courts, and policemen collude to harass students, on the imminence of revolution, or on the racial inequities in American life.

After all that, the kids were patsies for the put-down, patronizing, fake-sympathetic, the voices of reflection impressed by "these young people," the tone of the high school principal after the assembly discussion program. New England monsignor: "If such young people are coming out of our high schools we must be doing something right." Prep school dean, cultivated, mini-Ivy masculinity: "Admire your honesty . . . but . . . you have to ask yourself what you've made of your opportunities." Superintendent from Midwest suburb: "There's still some tact, courtesy, and good manners to be learned. . . . Youth still tends to violence. . . . Good manners are essential to good communication." There was a lot of palaver about how the kids hadn't used Roberts's *Rules of Order*, how it took them too long to

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The Editor's Bookshelf

Paul Woodring

The Retreat from Masculinity

THE DRIFT TOWARD unisex, not only in clothing but also in attitudes and styles of life, is making it more difficult to decide which traits are properly called "masculine" and which "feminine." Television viewers are led to believe that a real man achieves his ends by being tough, brutal, aggressive, reckless, and indifferent to human suffering, but in a civilized society one who exhibits an excess of such characteristics is likely to alienate his friends and to encounter difficulties with the law. Some forty years ago Margaret Mead, after a study of primitive tribes in New Guinea, reported that even in a Stone Age society the traits considered masculine differ greatly from one tribe to another.

Social psychologists who investigate the problem and develop scales to rate individuals on a masculinity-femininity continuum usually resort to an operational definition: a masculine trait is one found more frequently in men, a feminine trait is one found more often in women. Thus, a boy who likes football, boxing, and karate is masculine, while one who prefers ballet, poetry, and music is feminine. Obviously, such rating scales reflect the biases of the society in which they are standardized—whether they reflect anything more fundamental is debatable.

The problem of definition is central to an evaluation of the merits of Patricia Cayo Sexton's new book, *The Feminized Male* (Random House, 240 pp., $5.95). Dr. Sexton, a sociologist, contends that American males are losing their manhood, and that although strong trends throughout the society contribute to the feminization, a substantial part of the blame rests with the elementary and secondary schools that are staffed by women and by men who are lacking in masculinity. In support of her thesis she draws upon the literature of psychology, sociology, and education, but she also relies heavily on her own experience, including a study that she made of school children in a small city, which she calls "Urbantown."

The author is convinced that the feminized male not only is a maladjusted individual but is often a positive menace to society. "Murders are usually committed by quiet and gentle men, 'nice guys,'" she says. "Sirhan and Oswald, both reared under the maternal shadow, grew to be quiet, controlled men and dutiful sons. Estranged from their fellows, fathers, and normal male associations, they joined a rapidly growing breed—the 'feminized male' whose normal male impulses are suppressed or misshapen by overexposure to feminine norms. Such assassins often pick as their targets the most virile males, symbols of their own manly deprivations."

In her study of the boys and girls attending Urbantown schools, Dr. Sexton found evidence to confirm her conviction that the boys who are most masculine (according to the conventional rating scales) have the hardest time in school. They make lower grades than either the girls or the more effeminate boys, and they are more likely to be classed by teachers as "behavior problems." Only by developing feminine or effeminate traits —neatness, politeness, obedience, gentility, etc.—can a boy hope to please his teachers and achieve a good school record.

Although the feminized boys make good grades in school, Dr. Sexton doubts that they can ever become effective leaders of men. She points out that the present power elites are recruits from a different society—from rural or small-town, rather than urban or suburban, ways of life, and she says that on the farm boys have a better chance of becoming masculine men. She fears that the truly masculine boys in school today are likely to become dropouts or at best under-achievers, and she presents some evidence that this is exactly what is happening.

Dr. Sexton offers a secondary thesis which is tangential to the first: Although women are inherently superior to men, the men have somehow managed to relegate the women to an inferior status. "Having excelled as scholars in the schools," she says, "girls then confront some of life's realities. In this society and most others, the stark reality is that men hold title to the best jobs, almost all the power, and most of the privilege and status that really count. It is indeed a man's world."

As evidence of the inherent superiority of human females, Dr. Sexton cites the facts that males show a wider variety of genetic defects and are much more prone to commit crime. Learning and behavior disorders are three to ten times as common among young males as among females of the same age, and boys outnumber girls three to one in mental institutions for children. Boys mature more slowly, and she concludes that they are "more vulnerable and more perishable than females."

As proof that women still are relegated to an inferior status, she reminds us that in 1957 only one of the ninety-six U.S. Senators was a woman, and that no woman has ever served on our Supreme Court or on a Court of Appeals. Only about 2 per cent of what she calls "the real executives" in private industry are women, and the median salary of all employed women is substantially lower than that paid to men. And the situation is not improving. The number of women on college faculties has declined from 28 per cent in 1939 to 18 per cent in 1965-66, and only 11 per cent of the Ph.D. degrees are granted to women, which is a lower percentage than it was in 1920. In the public schools, where the majority of teachers are women, nearly all the higher administrative offices are held by men.

Because of the inferior status to which men have relegated them, "many women actively dislike and resent males. They take their revenge whenever they can, in the home and in the school, on young men they control." Thus, the complete cycle runs something like this: Men have subjugated women, women have responded by forcing boys to become effeminate in order to get along at home and at school, and when the boys grow up, they counterrespond by keeping women in an inferior position.

This thesis contains enough truth to make it interesting, but many of the facts are subject to alternative interpretations. It is true that girls, on the average, make higher grades than boys, and in part this is because many teachers prefer "feminine" traits in their pupils, but the view that a boy cannot excel academically without losing his virility is true only if a very conventional definition of "masculinity" is accepted. Douglas MacArthur, Woodrow Wilson, Hubert Humphrey, Jackie Robinson, Ralph Bunche, and

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at least two or three of the astronauts made high grades in school. It is true that men hold the majority of high administrative and legislative positions, but in large part this is because most women choose to become wives and mothers, and having made this choice lose interest in competing for the more demanding jobs that require sustained motivation and an uninterrupted career. It is also true that males mature more slowly than females—this is one of the reasons behind the better academic records of girls in schools where they are placed with boys of the same chronological age—but it is doubtful that this proves the inherent superiority of females.

To say this is a stimulating and provocative book is not merely to indulge in the favorite clichés of reviewers; it will surely stimulate thought and discussion, because there is something in it to provoke every reader, male or female, masculine or feminine. But it is also a frustrating book with too many loose ends, unanswered questions, and unresolved paradoxes. If it is true that males are both inherently inferior and further weakened by feminization, it is difficult to understand how they have been able to maintain their superior status in a society in which women have the vote and men are rarely permitted to use their physical strength.

The solutions offered seem paradoxical. Dr. Sexton sees a need for "a clearer masculine image," particularly in the schools, but she also wants women to have their full share of executive positions in the school and throughout society, and it is difficult to see how this would enhance the image of masculinity. She seems unwilling to make any distinction between the roles appropriate to the two sexes, or between the traits desirable in each. A woman who is feminine in the traditional sense is as objectionable to her as is the feminized man. "The ideal woman," she says, "should resemble the ideal man," and, though the traits she lists are indeed desirable in either sex, the reader is left with the impression that what she most admires is a high degree of masculinity in *both* men and women. Perhaps we are moving in that direction, but if we are, it seems certain that the concept of masculinity that will emerge will differ greatly from that held by our ancestors. If the concepts of masculinity and femininity as psychological traits are already outmoded, we ought to quit using the words and give our attention to the traits that are desirable in any human being. But, speaking as a male, this reader will continue to say, *vive la différence.*

Medical Students

Continued from page 43

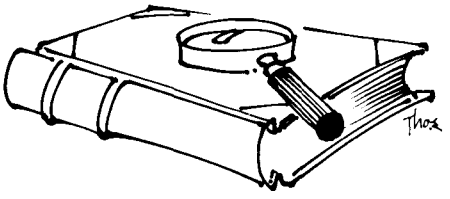
a father and child in a hospital clinic only to be told, with them, to come back next week, and wait again. He might learn that a fifteen-year-old pregnant girl simply did not know about contraception, or prenatal care, or that iron was good for her, or even that babies come in nine months. Finally, many of the students who see these incidents begin to realize that these are not isolated occurrences, that to too great an extent they characterize American medicine, and that to too great an extent they have been ignored by American medical education. The ideals and the realities of medical care seem suddenly disparate, suddenly to require a rapid and radical rapprochement.

The new revolution began in California in 1964, and marked an important transformation of the medical student's traditional posture. Action began to be channeled into activism. The movement there was in large part consolidated by William Bronston, at the time a fourth-year student at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, who was reacting to what he now terms "the fundamental contradictions and inequities in medical education, and the health industry's empty rhetoric of providing health care for everybody." Using the example of the free speech and civil rights movements, Bronston organized a national invitational Medical Student Forum to discuss subjects conspicuously absent from the formal curriculum, but vital to the physician's function in society—abortion, birth control and the population explosion, poverty and health, discrimination in medicine, and chemical and biological warfare.

The forum evolved into the Student Medical Conference and the movement went activist, first coordinating the efforts of students working in a range of action projects, such as audio-visual screening of Head Start children, staffing a new family planning clinic in an East Los Angeles Mexican-American neighborhood, distributing 5,000 copies of the proposed therapeutic abortion bill to every medical student in California, working with the Medical Committee for Human Rights in Mississippi, sending health education teams into the economically depressed San Joaquin Valley. In Boston, Chicago, and New York, other students were beginning similarly to reject the isolation of the school experience and to organize projects of their own.

By the summer of 1965, the diffuse burst of activity across the country was ready to coalesce, and plans for a First Assembly of Student Health Organizations (SHO) reached fruition in October at the University of Chicago. The two-day conference brought together sixty-five students of nursing, social work, dentistry, and medicine.

SHO was organized around the local chapters and has remained, nationally, little more than a loose communications and coordination network. Although membership is defined simply as attendance at meetings or involvement in projects, it may today be estimated at close to one thousand of the nation's health science students. Federal funding for the group's student health projects has increased annually, and by the summer of 1968 Washington was supplying $1.25-million nationally



for projects in nine areas of the country, utilizing more than 500 health science students and teen-age community "interns." SHO's success has been impressive enough to stimulate the larger Student American Medical Association, founded in 1952 and considered by some a pawn of the AMA, to proclaim noisily its own activism—a significant indication of the new and dramatic shift in the climate of medical education.

Perhaps the most important decision facing the Student Health Organization is one of politics. Increasingly, students have come to realize that it is difficult if not impossible to address oneself to the health problems of the poor without, at the same time, confronting the economic, political, and educational disenfranchisement to which they are likewise subject. "The health system," founder Bronston contends, " must be integrated with education, recreation, housing, employment, concept of work, human relations, economic relations, social goals, political goals, world goals. One atomic bomb makes all of our parochialism meaningless."

The public and political response to SHO, to the unfamiliar thing called medical student activism, will probably be a prime determinant of its future tack. That response must be evaluated on two fronts because, especially in the 1960s, medicine has divided rapidly and sharply into two establishments. There is, of course, the American Medical Association—small-town and rural-based, firmly rooted in the traditional, doctor-patient, fee-for-

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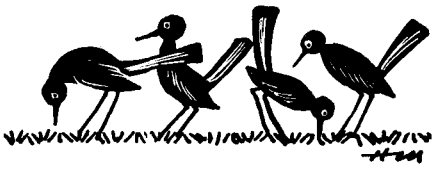
service, entrepreneurial model. In the urban areas, however, modern medical practice is dominated by complex institutions made up of medical schools, teaching hospitals, and the universities; many of these institutions, besides producing doctors (a not insignificant tool for influencing the character of American medicine), control hospitals in the city. They therefore control the quality and quantity of urban health care allocation for a great, and increasing, percentage of the population.

When this dichotomy between the AMA and the urban medical centers is resolved—assuming that the trend toward urbanization and specialization is not reversed—that resolution will clearly lie in the direction of the urban medical centers. It is the medical school, then, to which student activism must finally address itself, and with which it must in the end work.

Some activists, however, doubt that working with the schools can be effective. Dr. Bronston, for instance, who is presently affiliated with the Citywide Health and Mental Health Council in New York, has come a long way from his liberal-reformist days at Southern California. The SHO summer projects, so much a product of his earlier efforts, he now condemns as "romantic sensitivity-trips which gave the people a sense that they were moving, which gave the schools an opportunity to say that *they* were moving, and which really did not change anything fundamentally." Curricular reform, another of his earlier goals, Bronston now sees as "a co-opting move—a way of absorbing potentially radical energies and sentiments into cooperating with the system in the domination of the masses in this country." The single solution, he contends, "is to destroy the medical schools, to destroy them completely."

Not everyone agrees with Bronston's prescription, but a surprising number agree with his diagnosis. Harvard's Dean Ebert, for instance, recently echoed a great many of the points made by Bronston. "The organization and delivery of care, and how it is distributed," Dr. Ebert said, "has become the central issue for medicine. How do you structure and organize care for the urban area, for the ghetto, for the isolated rural area? Obviously the technology is there."

The tragic dimensions of the problem are clear, and Ebert, like Bronston, sees them clearly. "Medicine until now, in this century, has been a middle-class institution. You practice on poor people, but you really are going to take care of the middle class. All of medicine is essentially this way. At every level the poor come off badly. They are used for teaching purposes, they have more



serious disease, their mortality rates are higher at all ages, they have more serious psychological disorders, their medical care is fragmented and discontinuous, they are powerless in the system. And yet, until recently, medicine has not considered this medicine's problem. The change that is occurring —the most important 'revolution'—is that this concern is for the first time being injected into medical schools."

Concern, Bronston would counter, is not enough. "All that is going to happen," he contends, "is that the good people in SHO will become the good oppressors." Making the medical school and the medical school experience humane—one of SHO's original goals—is no longer sufficient. The marked consolidation of power in the new urban medical-complex establishment, which Ebert sees as a potentially beneficial tool for restructuring the outmoded fee-for-service variety of medical care, is, in Bronston's eyes, "a malignant change. The new medical empires are infinitely better funded, infinitely less accountable than the old entrepreneur class in medicine. They have a corner on the provider market, absolute control of manpower."

Yet, the medical school-teaching hospital is capable (in terms of money, personnel, and physical facilities) of directly and comprehensively serving the urban community. It can help the community efficiently utilize its own resources, its own leadership capabilities. Direct political action, for which SHO's student health projects served as a model and into which many of the student activists' energies have been directed, is vital. But the medical school can also shape the quality of American medical care in a unique, a more lasting, fashion. They can produce, or at least help produce, a new kind of physician. New curricula are a step in this direction. They can provide flexibility, variability, an opportunity for each student to develop according to his interest, his capabilities. They can provide new courses in areas previously ignored: medical sociology, economics, behavorial science, community medicine. Beyond curriculum, the medical school can purposefully broaden the socioeconomic and ethnic base of American medicine, and can increase the number of its practitioners graduating each year.

But a new kind of American physician — and increasing numbers of students today want desperately to become a new kind of physician—will become possible only when educators, prodded by students, offer new models of medical care, real and attractive alternatives to private practice. "We must somehow instill the idea," Dr. Ebert says, "that the physician is not performing his role if he and his colleagues don't see to it that everybody in that community is getting good care. It is the environment which must be changed, the framework in which one teaches medicine. The hope is with the younger generation, this generation."

And the younger generation, for the most part, is hopeful. Hopeful, but not comfortable. Because to be comfortable is to be both unintelligent and negligent in the midst of these realities: The life expectancy of Negroes in 1965 was seven years less than that of whites. The non-white child under five years has a death rate twice that of the white child. Between the ages of thirty-five and forty-four, non-whites have a death rate 150 per cent higher than whites; between forty-five and fifty-four, 94 per cent; between fifty-five and sixty-four, 72 per cent. Non-white maternal mortality was twice the white rate before World War II; since the war it has risen to four times the white rate. The infant mortality rate of Negro children in Mississippi or the northern city slum is comparable to that of Ecuador; nationally it is better—nearly as good as Costa Rica's.

First steps have been made, but first steps are insufficient. They are not solutions. Because they are not, the activist mood of American medical students will continue to grow, to confront, to challenge.

Like Abraham Flexner sixty years before, the student today has exposed intolerable inadequacies in the system of medical education. The gap that Flexner sought to bridge was scientific —a discrepancy between ideal (the German system) and real (the American improvisation). That gap has admirably been filled. But today's gap is of a different sort, and broader. The ideal (the world's best health care for everyone) and the real (the world's best health for that fraction of the population that can afford it) contrast tragically. It is to this tragedy that medical students have begun to address themselves. Their activism suggests that a real transition in the structure and climate of medical education in this country has been initiated. It suggests that this transition will embrace not merely the student and his school, but the community which student and school together can serve. And it suggests, too, that it is the community above all which American medicine *must* serve—quickly, equitably, and well.

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Danish Free Schools

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of the parent to oversee the education of his child. Essentially a tolerant people, most Danes view the Free Schools with favor, seeing in them a protection of personal religious and political liberty. The Little School advocates see their schools as protection against bureaucratic encroachment by the state through its schools, and as protection against mass fabrication of people without regard to individuality. Like many advocates of American private schooling, some Danes defend the Free Schools because their freedom to innovate and experiment is seen as a stimulus to the public schools. The existence of these schools is regarded as helping to guarantee the quality of public education, because they act as competitors in a situation where the public schools have no monopoly and, therefore, have to maintain excellence.

A significant effect of the existence of the Free Schools is that they remove much conflict from the public schools. Any dissident minority, with minimum expense and with government cooperation, can leave the system and establish its own school. The result of this is that when Danes discuss educational problems, they tend to stress professional, pedagogical concerns or the matter of finance. They rarely discuss the kinds of problems that are considered important in the United States, such as school-community conflict or teacher-administrator difficulties. A striking characteristic of Free Schools is the general coincidence of goals on the part of parents, teachers, and administrators, and the harmonious relations among these groups. Certainly, were a serious disagreement to develop, there would be no point in retaining a child in the school; when serious difficulty arises in public schools, there are alternatives available. Parental control in the Free Schools, through the hiring of a headmaster and the approval of the hiring and firing of teachers, does not appear threatening to school staffs whose pedagogical and philosophical bents coincide with those of the parents.

Since all *Friskoler* are required by law to provide education in Danish, there does not appear at present to be serious concern over the bicultural education received by minority groups. While there are complaints about the *Friskoler* laws, the major ones are that the government does not provide enough financial help, and that it ought to provide 100 per cent of the funds for teachers' salaries, fully equivalent funding for the children, and more money for supplies. Efforts to remove public support for *Friskoler* are likely to be met by serious opposition from conservative traditionalists as well as progressive elements.

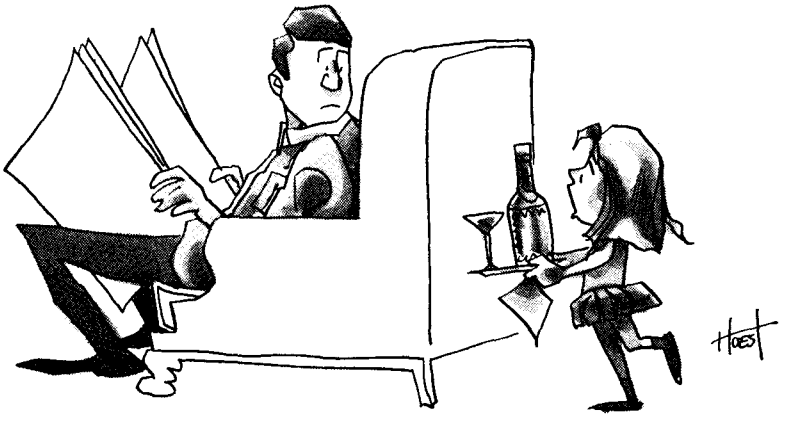
Does the Danish experience with Free Schools have relevance to problems facing education in America? There are, of course, basic differences between the two nations that preclude any easy or direct modeling of one system upon the other. One major difference is the fact that in Denmark the Evangelical Lutheran state religion is taught in the public schools. From the very beginning of compulsory education in that country, the existence and support of schools outside the state system was viewed as a guarantee of religious liberty. On the other hand, in the United States, the separation of church and state is seen as essential to religious liberty, and the public support of any educational system that includes religious instruction traditionally has been viewed as a danger to the democratic system. Although this view has been modified by the "child-benefit" theory of aid to education, it remains a strong current in American educational thought.

Another basic difference is that Denmark, despite its German-speaking ethnic minority and several religious minorities, is a fairly homogeneous nation and does not face a race problem. The United States, on the other hand, not only has racial heterogeneity, but includes a multiplicity of ethnic and religious minorities and larger economic class differences. Public, compulsory education was long seen as essential for the accomplishment of the homogenization or Americanization of immigrants whose differences were viewed as threatening to national unity. Although at present the schools are no longer educating many immigrants and the recognition is growing that cultural differences are deeply entrenched in American life and ought to be valued, the traditional belief that the public school somehow acts as a unifying force has not disappeared.

Still a third difference is that the Danes, although they may sometimes question the snobbery of certain upper-class schools or the separation of some intellectual groups from the public schools, do not see in the Free Schools a threat to their democratic way of life. In this country, on the other hand, the private school system, where it has been supported occasionally by state governments, has been seen to operate either as an intrusion upon the principle of separation of church and state or, more recently, as an effort to circumvent integration. Thus, state-supported private schools tend to be viewed as potentially anti-democratic

Yet, the fact remains that affluent Americans have far greater choice concerning the education of their children than do the poor of America's inner cities. Those who are confined to the ghettos either by race or poverty or a combination of both are completely dependent upon a public school system that is compulsory and monopolistic, and which is increasingly viewed as intrusive. Pious talk concerning the democratic nature of the public school system does not change the fact that for many it is unsatisfactory, and that social and economic class has a great deal to do with the educational choices open to a family. Movement to the suburbs or into private schools are not choices readily available to the urban poor. At present a major alternative open to this group, when consciously dissatisfied with the schools, is to engage in social protest, a phenomenon American inner-city school systems have seen develop in recent years.

At first, much of this social protest centered on the eradication of de jure and de facto school segregation. More recent efforts have concentrated on decentralization of school systems and the substitution of local community control. It would appear that even if public school districts were under the direct control of local parent and com-



"Daddy, you forgot to sign my report card."

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munity groups, this form of organization would not preclude the disaffection of some groups from what would remain essentially a monopolistic, compulsory educational system. As the experience of community control in New York has shown, such programs run the risk of being stillborn, strangled not only by the opposition of conservative forces supporting the traditional system, but also by internal factional dispute.

A publicly supported system that allows for alternative forms of school organization does give the promise of meeting special minority needs, whether they be a desire to rear children via Montessori or Summerhill pedagogy or instruction in Swahili, ballet, or Amish traditions, without disruption of the work of the larger public system. That this would then tend to remove from the school its most militant critics and leaders of needed reform has been observed in Denmark. Yet, there is wide agreement on the difficulty of effecting change within the large bureaucratic systems that our schools have become, and what is often forgotten is that alternatives outside the system are already used by those able to afford them. The provision of alternatives to larger numbers of people opens the possibility of creative use of talent and the implementation of reforms presently inhibited by the organizational needs of schools as they are presently constituted. Should the alternative of publicly funded private schooling be made available, funding short of 100 per cent is likely to facilitate the acceleration of the flight of the upwardly mobile and middle class out of the public system. For alternatives to be truly universal, they must be free and include the provision of supplies, buildings, and funds for staff.

For those who fear the fragmentation of the public education system, the Danish experience supports the view that alternative forms of schooling do not mean the inevitable demise of the state-run public schools. On the contrary, vigorous support for public education and the maintenance of high standards draws the allegiance of the vast majority of the population.

An advantage of a system with publicly supported alternatives is that freedom from the monolithic compulsion by huge bureaucratic organizations may free the public schools of debilitating conflict. But perhaps the most important advantage is that permitting concerned groups of parents and community organizations to set up schools for segments of the population that find the present system unsatisfactory may unleash creative potential and make possible an educational renaissance.

Gloom at the Top

Continued from page 51

establish some form of parliamentary procedure, how their language offended nice people; and before the palaver was over, the kids were on the defensive. Some of them vaguely realized it, but for most, the technique was so much a part of habitual experience that it went unnoticed. "They just refuse to listen to what's being said," one of them complained later. What the superintendents had done—not all, but many—was to prove that open-mindedness was, like everything else, a good ploy.

It was, of course, not unanimous. There was an angry minority who knew what had happened. "Three-fourths of these guys," said a man from the Midwest, "don't have a clue." "You bet we have a problem," said another, a man responsible for his system's "human relations" efforts. "We should have known all the things the kids are demanding of us, but we messed up our opportunities for reform. The students demanded we fire a principal who was inaccessible, and that we do something about what they considered—rightly so—a watered-down program. But I'm not sure we can act." In his schools, the Mexican-Americans are taking action to demand community control, and the white vigilantes (students), the Nazis, and the Panthers are all organized. There have been bombings, riots, and several deaths, but the human relations man—no angry young upstart—is still a minority. Few others, in his system, feel any urgency about the problem.

Among the administrators at Harvard who had faced protests or violence, there was talk about outside agitators, and even more talk about faint remedies: individualized instruction and a little black history for race riots, smaller classes for cultural gaps that had yet to be appreciated or understood. "I don't think we'll have real trouble in Maryland," said another educational statesman. "Maybe some sporadic incidents. . . . The students who are here showed today that they have disagreements, too. So far they just stuck together, but today they showed that they have sharp differences." (Relief.) If there was no real trouble, then obviously there was no real problem.

One night they held up the mirror: Fred Wiseman's documentary film *High School*, photographed in a thoroughly middle-class Philadelphia high school (where local citizens obtained a court injunction to prevent it from being shown there); one hour and twenty minutes of the boredom, mindlessness, and hypocrisy of decent people. Schoolmarm reading "Casey at the Bat" to a class of blank faces; school disciplinarian telling a kid that the way to be a man was to accept his punishment even though it might be unjust; the Mickey Mouse of "simulated space flight" in a hand-me-down NASA capsule; the baldhead in the corridors asking every living creature, "Where's your pass?"; the well-meaning young thing turning Simon and Garfunkel song lyrics into an English class exercise as inspiring as scanning the lines of *Hiawatha*; the final irony of the principal reading a letter from a recent graduate who expected to be killed in Vietnam and expressed his gratitude to the school by leaving his insurance money to the scholarship fund. "I'm just a body," he wrote in ultimate tribute to his education, "doing a job."

Did they recognize themselves? Some surely did. ("The film hurt," said a man from Kansas City.) One of the superintendents unintentionally confessed all to a student: "He asked," said the kid, "how it could ever be different with the people they got. I told him he was supposed to be the educator, that it was for him to figure out." There were several men who decided that it was time they listened to their students a little more, one of them a central city administrator of a parochial system who hoped he could get his principals to pay a little attention to what the students were trying to tell them. One of the students—one of the few who had missed the point of the film—later wondered aloud wheth-

WIT TWISTER #125

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

_ _ _ _ _ _ with God, what
cannot martyrs do?
Consider _ _ _ _ _ _, or
blind Samson's plight,
Or saints who, _ _ _ _ _ _
or burned or torn in two,
Brooked no _ _ _ _ _ _ of
their Master's might.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 58*)

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er the soldier in Vietnam had been killed on his mission. "He was already dead," said an angry administrator from Minneapolis, perhaps one of the most perceptive people there. "And what's more," he said, turning to the student, "you're dead, too."

A few simply denied all. A suburban superintendent from Michigan declared that there were always good teachers and bad ones, and that Wiseman's film had shown only the bad. Many, if you asked them, denied that any of it was accurate; too much was made, they said, of the ugly faces and mannerisms of the school staff. (Earlier one of the students had pointed out that those were precisely the things the kids saw all day, that this was a film from the students' point of view. "Actually," she said, "the film was gentle.") Most of the superintendents didn't say anything. Perhaps later they would recognize things at home they had never recognized before. Perhaps. For the moment one could only imagine that full recognition would have been too much, that it would be too destructive, too much a confrontation with what may be, for most, an unalterable reality.

What became clear was that the schoolmen were as much as the kids—perhaps more—prisoners of the system. The shared heat and sweat were indeed symbolic. Most of the superintendents could no more change the fundamental conditions of life in Central High than they could cool off Holmes Hall. (Not only was their political power limited; their imagination was even more circumscribed, and their capacity for anger invisible.) Of all their little hypocrisies—their rhetoric about responsibility and due process, about independence and hard work—none was as great as the pretense that they could, if persuaded, do something to reform things, that they were ethically or intellectually equipped to act.

In the film, one of the students describes his school as a moral and social garbage can: Those who preached the virtues within it had never demonstrated (and perhaps knew they never could demonstrate) their capacity to practice them. Even among the more sensitive administrators (save only a very few) the things that were regarded as the legitimate claims of the students simply became the demands of another interest group, a new entry into the bargaining relationship with the teachers' union, the school board, and the PTA. A good superintendent, in that sense, was primarily a skillful and sympathetic negotiator who maintained conditions of trust so that the bargaining process would never collapse—not a man who brought fundamental convictions of his own to bear on the system. (Those who spoke loudest about convictions were almost inevitably educational reactionaries.) It was nice if the students were pushing since that would help him push someone else. Little was ever said about the more fundamental inadequacies of the schools. If the film was accurate, said a deputy superintendent, then the only way to improve the schools was to tear the system apart and start all over. And that, for most, was beyond their most ambitious capacities. It was unthinkable.

There was something else, too, something perhaps even more significant, and that was the moral and cultural cataclysm that gave the whole gathering its inadequate name: The Youth Revolution. It was there all over, like one of those hidden faces in the drawing of the tree. It was not that the kids had The Word; no one had it. Indeed, the pieties from the kid-lovers were as unbearable as those of the authoritarians. (What was fascinating about *that* was that the once-radical criticism of people like Goodman and Edgar Friedenberg had gone mainstream and was now coming back, in garbled form—for public consumption—from people like Neil Sullivan, the Massachusetts Commissioner of Education.) Perhaps the whole thing was beyond the forms of conventional analysis, beyond anything that could be said about the lyrics (or even the music) of the Beatles or the chemistry and sociology of drugs, about Vietnam, or the draft, or the news media, and the new technologies. It was surely beyond management; perhaps it was also beyond reason. All those things are surely involved, but they are no more helpful than a description of the parts of the elephant for a blind man. The kids certainly did not agree on any of the issues that might be discussed in the Youth Forum, yet they somehow shared a sixth sense—almost a scent—that only they, and no adult, seemed to recognize. Instinctively they knew how grownups (and especially schoolmen) behave; sometimes they accepted it, even liked it; the grownups had no such instincts for the behavior of the kids.

But it went—and goes—even beyond that. Harvard, after all, is no island. The problems that remained inchoate in Cambridge are hardly unique to schools. At some point in the last generation the adults lost their sense of moral security—the whole nation lost it; if they are at all sensitive, the adults know they are whistling in the dark. All the things that once held the schools together—belief in equality, opportunity, independence — have been thrown into doubt as educational or social realities. Whatever assurance we had in World War II began to go with Hiroshima. Jeff Nuttall, in the one really impressive book about the generations (*Bomb Culture*, Delacorte Press, New York, 1969), wrote:

> We knocked out the second enemy (by no means such a discernible villain as Hitler, whom we could easily condemn through the sensational shock of the concentration camps and the obvious poisonous violence of his rhetoric) by alienating all those values we had confirmed in the first victory [Europe]. We had espoused a continuum that negated (running parallel to) the continuum of society. We had espoused an evil as great as the Nazi genocide, we had espoused the instrument for the termination of our benevolent institution, society, and our certain identity, human. We had espoused a monstrous uncertainty both of future and of morality. If, besides the "Nazi gangsters," we were also wrong, who was ever right? If no one was right, what was right, and was right anyway relevant, and what could guide us through the terrifying freedom such a concept offered? Whatever the answer, it had best be a good one, for we could not rely on ourselves any more than the little yellow man or the evil Hun. . . . The first victory was a victory confirming our merits and security. The second destroyed them irrevocably.

Nuttall divides the generations between those who reached puberty before Hiroshima and those who reached it after, between those who must pretend that the war ended in virtue and who were "incapable of conceiving of life *without* a future"—and those incapable of conceiving life *with* a future. The older group had learned to fake it, the younger generation found them out. ("Dad was a liar. He lied about the war and he lied about sex.") Whether the distinctions are all that simple—Nuttall's, by the way, is not a simple book—it is clear that it isn't just the kids who are challenging established and cherished values, but the adults who have either given them up or betrayed them. Along with the burdens of Hiroshima, Vietnam, and racial injustice, came a growing sense (among the sensitive) that everything that is white, Western, Christian, and rational — everything that once certified superior Culture and Civilization —is in doubt. (Undoubtedly the kids

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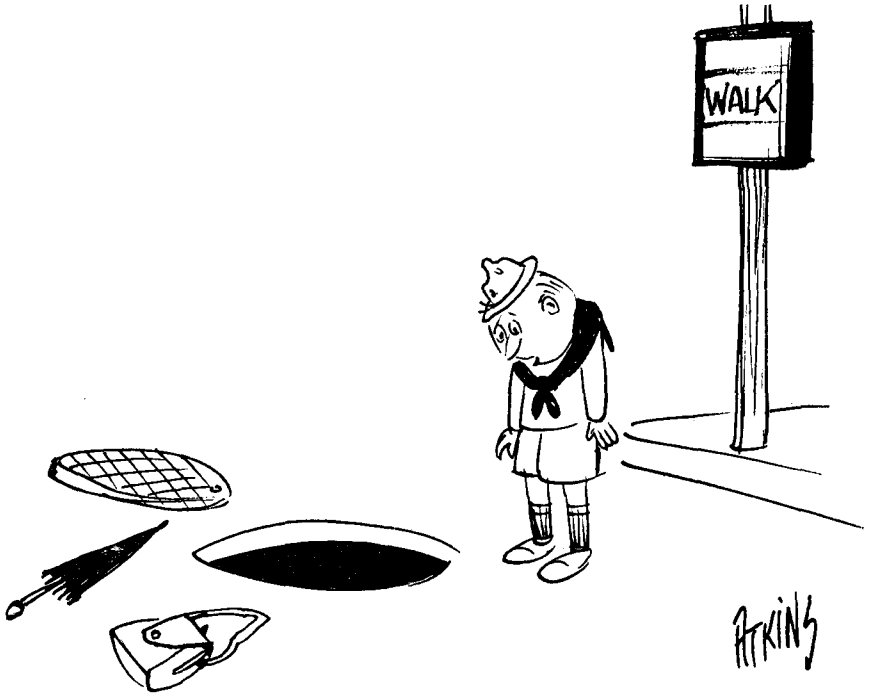
have the initiative, and are, willy-nilly, beginning to set the style. The wardens are prisoners in their own institutions. But there isn't—at least in the kids' minds—all that much to knock over.) The schools, of course, had never been too strong on Culture anyway. Culture with a capital C worked only as the possession of an elite, as a clubby mystery, a common language which originated in the communion of class and social standing, and not in the mysterious processes of the academy. Nonetheless, the fact that Culture existed somewhere was probably enough. Even if the superintendent was more of a Rotarian than a scholar he could still rely on the fact that what his English teacher was doing was certified not only by the values of the counting house, but also by the tradition of Milton and Shakespeare.

He can rely no more. Perhaps more than anyone else, he and his system are the victims of the failure of liberalism and "reason" in America. What, asked Julius Hobson, can a man do for equality and quality in education after he has been to the school board, to the courts, to Congress, and after he has spent a protester's time in jail? His own cause, he told the superintendents, is "equal education or equal chaos." Who will respond to that? For the superintendents, there is no clear signal from anyone, either in the community or the nation at large. There are repetitions of the old rhetoric, hard work, ambition, and much noise about technology and preparation for the world of the future (which are themselves calls to bring the deviants into line), but the rhetoric begins to be less persuasive: Fewer students are listening to it, and a growing minority is not listening at all.

There are all sorts of notions of what the school should be, but none of them is possible of realization under existing circumstances. Educational philosophy can have no life of its own, cannot exist without a more general idea of culture or an antecedent political theory, and without a society that practices, rather than betrays, its articulated convictions about peace, freedom, and independence. Any school person who blindly represents the authority and compromises of the community has no reason to expect the full trust of his students. Any school person who professes interest in students and ships them off to Vietnam on the day they graduate is a person whose motives are necessarily in doubt.

There is no general idea of culture in America at this moment; we are living in a no man's land labeled "the generation gap" which gives its educational system no cues—other than unprincipled conformity—to follow. The school manager of the old style is a lost man charged with the resolution of problems and conflicts he cannot possibly handle or even confront. What distinguishes him from his students is that they are beginning to understand his pathetic weakness, and to discover that he, by all that keeps him together and sane, must forever deny it.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 56: Alined, Daniel, nailed, denial.



"Sorry, Ma'am."

New Books

The Economics of Education in the U.S.S.R., *edited and translated by Harold J. Noah (Praeger, 227 pp., $16.50),* makes available to readers of English twenty-five papers included in a larger collection first presented at a 1964 Moscow conference. Grouped under major headings of general economics of education, education and labor effectiveness, and educational planning, these short pieces cover topics extending from methodology to use of classroom space in cities. Comparative educators will be particularly struck by such recurrent themes as the use of boarding schools, the concept of socially useful work, the theoretical alignment of educational resources with forecasted national needs, and the questionable effect of technological and scientific emphases on the "moral consciousness" of workers. A most valuable and skillfully presented contribution to the subject.

The New Guide to Study Abroad, *by John A. Garraty, Walter Adams, and Cyril J. H. Taylor (Harper & Row, 431 pp., $7.95),* makes an excellent investment for Americans contemplating education in other lands. Developed from previous volumes, this informative book covers an enormous number of points worth considering. In stressing the importance of mastering foreign languages, for example, the authors illustrate dramatically the difference between merely ordering a meal and following complicated lectures. Other sections expand on college and graduate work, precollege and secondary school opportunities, chances for teaching abroad, and extra-classroom learning in private homes or work camps, or on cultural tours. Unlike many guides, this one wins honors for easy reference and gracious design. Gail Garraty's woodcuts are superbly harmonized with the subject and spirit of this fine publication.

Governing Education: A Reader on Politics, Power, and Public School Policy, *edited by Alan Rosenthal (Anchor Books, 500 pp., $1.95),* comes as another dissuader regarding the once-fashionable dictum that education and politics don't mix. Covering such areas as political power, community influence, and educational governance, this paperback offers some thoughtful replies to the question: "Who runs our schools?" It also indicates numerous avenues of approach to further research. Practicing teachers and teachers-to-be will want to take a close look at this study in the resolution of civic forces.

—JOHN CALAM.

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Children's Books

Continued from page 27

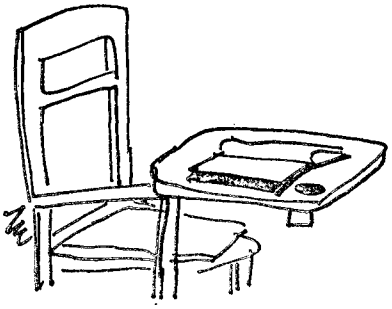
wished her mother would work at home and her father at an office. Despairing, Annie took a summer job with a middle-aged couple whose prim and regimented existence delighted her—for a time. When the Sigby's daughter and her two children came to visit, Annie saw how rigid the daughter was, how apathetic the children, and how stultifying the American Gothic mores of the household. So Annie went home, home to the happiness of impromptu baloney sandwiches and her mother admitting again that she had forgotten to get paper napkins. This is a real charmer; the barbed characterizations are suffocatingly real and the problem is no less important because it is approached with humor. Ages 11-14.

When Pictures Began to Move. *By Frank Manchel. Illustrated with photographs and line drawings by James Caraway. Prentice-Hall.* 76 *pp.* $3.95. Nobody knows who first thought of devices for making pictures move, and so many men competed and contributed in the early days of motion pictures that the birth of this art form had aspects of a legal brawl. In his intriguing history of the industry Frank Manchel pictures the inventors, the giants among the early directors and glamorous early stars; he also describes the tricks of distribution, the hi-jacking of films, and the incorporation of artistic and ethical concepts in silent films. Candid and informative, the book has a note of nostalgia that is echoed in the photographs of the great people and the great pictures. Ages 12-15.

The Vagabundos. *By Frank Bonham. Dutton.* 222 *pp.* $4.75. "He wondered why, when he was younger, life with Father had been a ball, whereas now they were constantly sniping at each other." Yet when his father disappeared, Eric Hansen was deeply disturbed and determined to follow the slim lead he had. Armed with the pills that his mother felt were necessary (his father had a slight heart ailment), Eric was off along the California coast on his motorcycle. For a thousand miles he trails his father by wheel, boat, and foot; living the simple life of the Baja fisnermen, the *vagabundos*, Eric finds a satisfaction and maturity he was never able to achieve in the luxurious atmosphere of a wealthy home. By the time he locates his father, he understands why Mr. Hansen has decided to stay on the peninsula and run a business. The contrast between the rigidity of the home setting and the freedom of the *vagabundos*' life is sharply effective, and, brightened by the striking people Eric meets, the book has the urgent mood of a perilous voyage. Ages 12-16.

America's Place in the World Economy. *By Brenda Forman. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 127 *pp.* $3.50. Crystal-clear and meticulously detailed, this survey of the intricacies of the role of the United States in the world economy is an excellent example of a complicated subject made lucid and interesting. It discusses the political as well as the economic aspects of American power, the responsibilities and limitations that power imposes, and the problems we are facing and will face in the areas of tariff agreements, national debt, and dollar outflow. An edifying book. Ages 14 up.

The Sport of Queens. *By Dick Francis. Harper & Row.* 247 *pp.* $5.95. The racing background that gives the author's mystery stories their authenticity is described in fascinating detail in an autobiography as unusual for its unruffled commonsense as it is for its milieu. A champion steeplechase jockey, Francis was the child of an expert trainer and breeder of horses; he rode early and well, and his career seemed



almost predestined. Although there are references to his personal life, most of Francis's book is about horses and racing: the idiosyncrasies of mounts, the perils of courses, the thrills of victory, and the nuances and refinements of professional riding. In addition to its exciting material and highly competent writing, the book is enhanced by the vitality and authenticity that inform the pages. For young adults.

Through Rugged Ways to the Stars. *By Harlow Shapley. Scribners.* 180 *pp.* $6.95. Harlow Shapley had planned to study journalism at the University of Missouri, but the courses hadn't yet been established, so he looked at the alphabetical listing; unable to pronounce "archeology," he went on to a word he could say, and that is how the science of astronomy gained a convert destined for distinction. Candid, informal, and often ingenuous, Dr. Shapley's autobiography is highly personal and frequently amusing, sprinkled with anecdotes about scientific, political, and academic personalities of our times. The author is matter-of-fact about the importance of his work yet diffident about his status, although his eminence as a humanitarian rivals that as a scientist. Withal, it is the author's integrity and warmth that give the book its impact. For young adults.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 d E (*Ship of Fools*). 2 g F (*Romeo & Juliet*). 3 a D (*Alice in Wonderland*). 4 h A (*Thumbelina*). 5 b C (*Old Curiosity Shop*). 6 e G (*Gulliver's Travels*). 7 c H (*Lord of the Rings*). 8 f B (*Memoirs of a Midget*).

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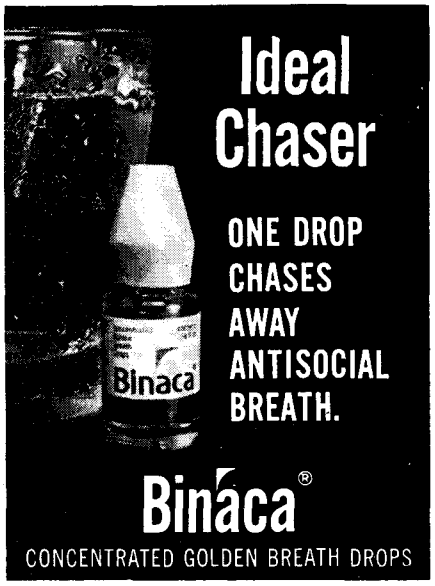

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(Continued from page 61)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1845

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Indian tribe, formerly of Mississippi, now in Oklahoma.	7 21 34 37 58 63 169
B. Rifleman's tool; disciplinarian.	175 179 1 14 49 71
C. Peasant revolt, especially in France.	52 59 78 99 153 163 15 22 44
D. Aromatic West Coast timber tree of the myrtle family.	77 100 121 140 178 54 64 114 162 174
E. County borough on the Nene, central England.	180 191 33 43 48 69 111 118 146 167 5
F. "Saxon and —— are we." (3 wds.; Tennyson "A Welcome to Alexandra.")	18 53 62 135 171 192 39 56 107 32 72 82 95
G. Steeped; brewed.	101 106 132 189 11 25 141
H. Dolt.	110 159 165 182 186 190
I. Creature with the head of an eagle and the body of a lion.	158 40 55 75 83 86 94
J. One who used to copy manuscripts.	96 133 85 166 149 176 157 4 45
K. Like a he-man (comp.)	68 28 81 27 90 97 122 137 19
L. Coiffure.	31 41 80 151 138 9
M. Predecessors of water-skiers.	74 161 13 115 152 10 120 51 148 67 113
N. Darn it all! By golly!	124 170 17 89 181 98 145 184 30 93 109 168
O. Former Yankee "Moose".	12 3 66 47 116 88 108
P. French painter and engraver (1836-1902) known for series of watercolor series "La Vie de Notre Seigneur Jésus Christ."	154 6 20 24 126 185
Q. Shrimp, runt (comp.)	38 144 35 76 65 123 70 102
R. Captivates, charms.	117 127 155 183 87 177 26 46
S. Fabric for a hoopskirt.	42 104 125 73 134 36 173 160 147
T. Direct cell division.	105 136 2 79 16 57 29 130
U. Innsbruck is its capital (Ger. sp.)	61 139 129 84 143
V. Faultfinding, severely critical.	91 50 60 164 131 119 156 112 103 187
W. God said of Adam, "I will make him an ——— for him." (2 wds., Gen. 2:18)	8 142 92 188 23 128 150 172

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 B	2 T	3 O	4 J		5 E	6 P	7 A	8 W	9 L	10 M	11 G	
12 O	13 M	14 B	15 C	16 T	17 N	18 F	19 K	20 P		21 A	22 C	23 W	24 P	25 G	26 R	27 K
	28 K	29 T	30 N	31 L		32 F	33 E	34 A	35 Q	36 S		37 A	38 Q	39 F	40 I	41 L
42 S	43 E	44 C	45 J	46 R		47 O	48 E	49 B		50 V	51 M	52 C	53 F	54 D		55 I
56 F	57 T	58 A	59 C	60 V	61 U		62 F	63 A	64 D	65 Q	66 O	67 M	68 K		69 E	70 Q
71 B		72 F	73 S		74 M	75 I	76 Q	77 D	78 C	79 T	80 L	81 K	82 F		83 I	84 U
85 J		86 I	87 R	88 O	89 N	90 K	91 V		92 W	93 N	94 I	95 F	96 J		97 K	98 N
99 C	100 D	101 G	102 Q	103 V	104 S		105 T	106 G	107 F		108 O	109 N	110 H		111 E	112 V
113 M	114 D		115 M	116 O	117 R		118 E	119 V	120 M	121 D	122 K	123 Q	124 N	125 S	126 P	127 R
128 W	129 U	130 T		131 V	132 G		133 J	134 S	135 F	136 T	137 K	138 L	139 U	140 D		141 G
142 W	143 U		144 Q	145 N	146 E	147 S		148 M	149 J	150 W	151 L		152 M	153 C	154 P	155 R
156 V	157 J	158 I		159 H	160 S		161 M	162 D	163 C	164 V	165 H	166 J	167 E	168 N		169 A
170 N	171 F	172 W		173 S	174 D		175 B	176 J	177 R	178 D		179 B	180 E	181 N		182 H
183 R	184 N	185 P		186 H	187 V		188 W	189 G	190 H	—	191 E	192 F				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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Sixteen wordy days in Ireland. $275.

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"When God made time he made plenty of it. And if you don't get to Shannon today, won't it be there tomorrow?"

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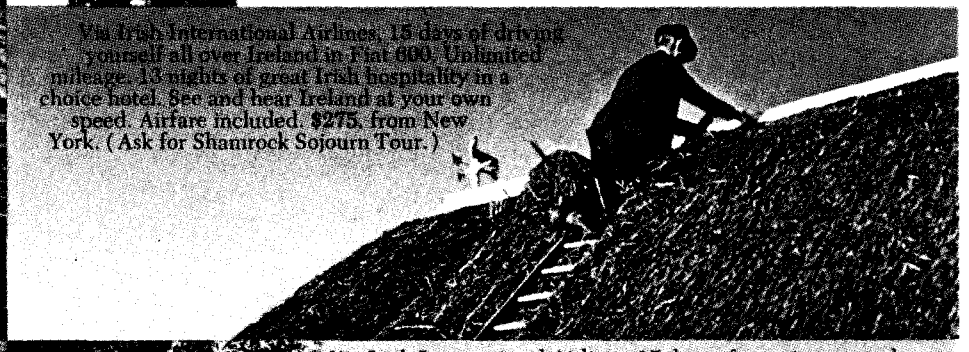
"To get to Ballicooley, follow the tarred road for a bit, turn left, or go back the way you're after coming. If I were you, I wouldn't start from here at all."



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Via Irish International Airlines, 15 day deluxe motor coach circle tour. (Irish guides make history sound like a story.) 13 nights in luxury hotel rooms with bath, most meals. See Limerick, Galway, Sligo, Belfast, Dublin, Waterford, Cork, Killarney. Medieval Banquet at Bunratty Castle, Jury's Cabaret, Abbey Theatre, evening entertainment en route. Airfare included. **$449.** from New York. Also departures from Chicago and Boston. (Ask for The Irish Rambler Tour.)

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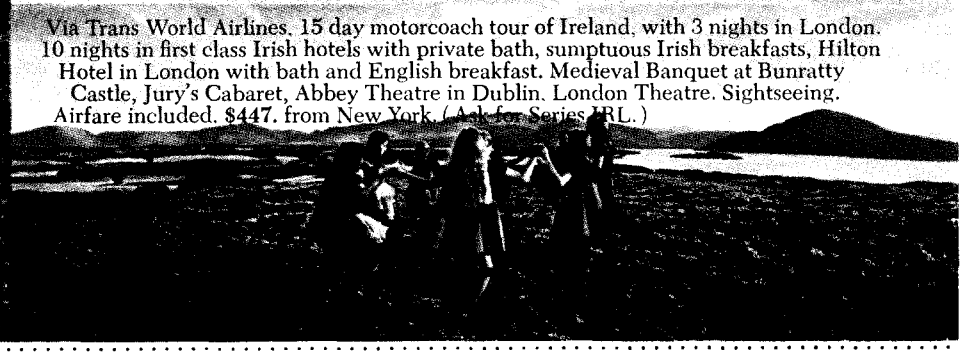

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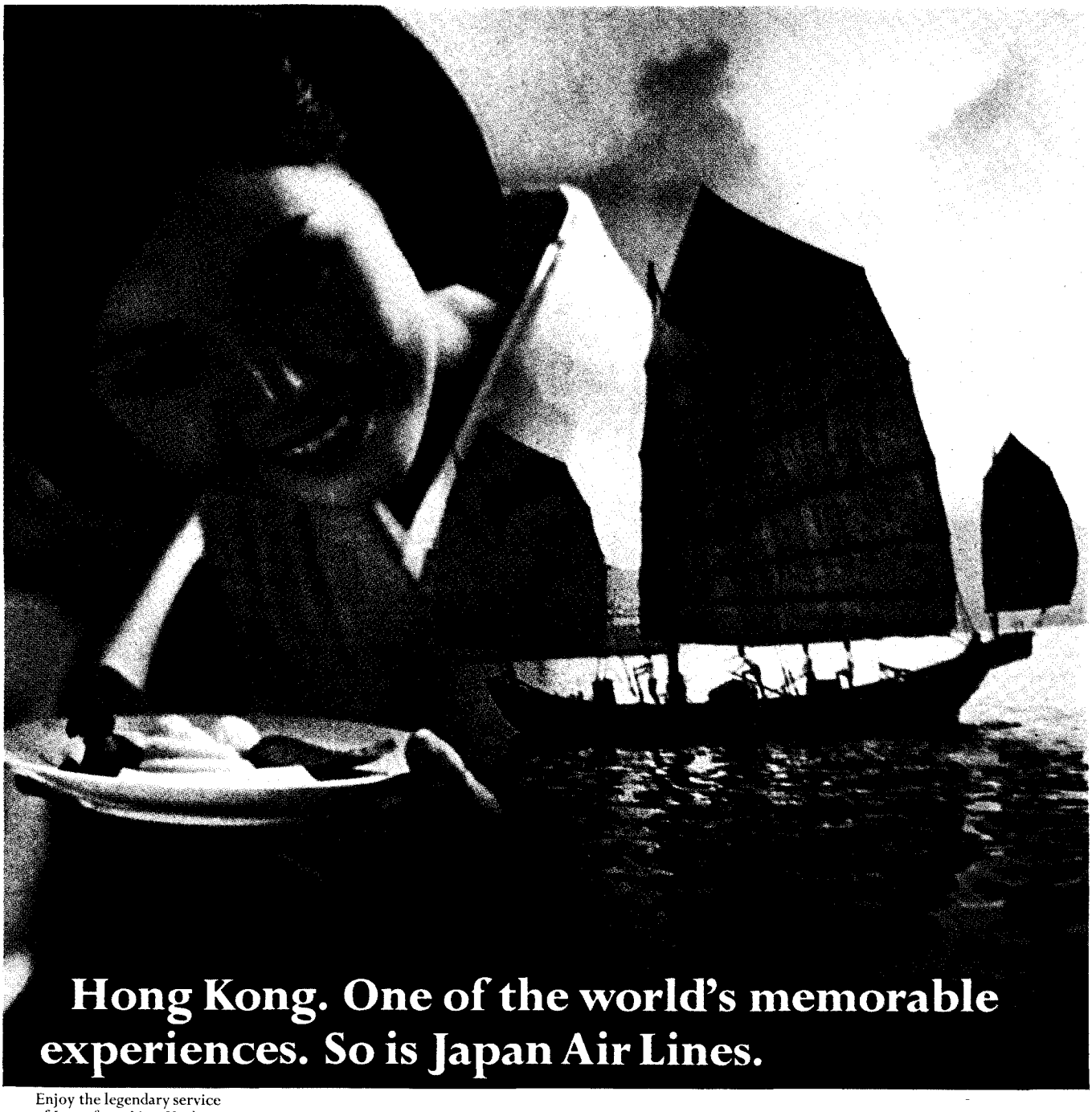

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